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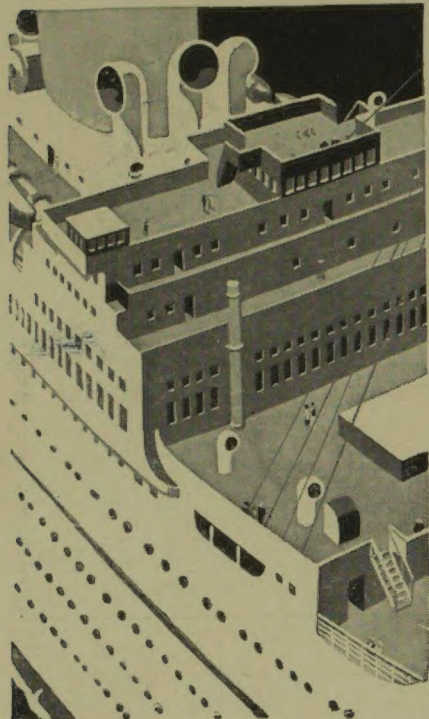
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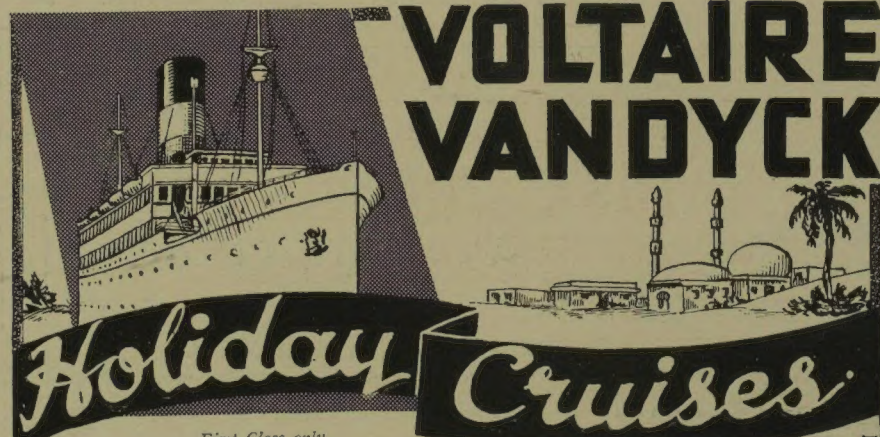
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1935



A COLOSSAL PORTRAIT OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI SET UP IN A TROOPSHIP AS AN INSPIRATION FOR "ETHIOPIAN FORCES" ORDERED TO EAST AFRICA: AN EMBARKATION SCENE AT NAPLES.

The estimates as to the "Ethiopian Forces" Italy now has in Italian Somaliland and Eritrea, in view of the dispute with Abyssinia, vary very greatly. As we write, Reuter states that reports from Suez suggest that the Italian troops already landed in Eritrea must number about a quarter of a million; while it was said last week that there had been mobilised for East Africa seven Army divisions and six Fascist Militia divisions. Italy is not content with this. Headed by

the Duce, as Minister of the Armed Forces, she is devoting herself whole-heartedly to what is called "the intense military preparations of the nation." Apart from mobilisation, there is much stir among the air forces in Eritrea; Signor Mussolini has witnessed "naval exercises of a new type," flying to Spezia for the purpose, embarking in the "Zara," and seeing bombing exercises by seaplanes and land 'planes; and there have been special air exercises in the Veneto-Tridentina-Padana zone.

TRANSPORT AND WATER: VITAL FACTORS IF ITALY FIGHTS IN ABYSSINIA.



TRANSPORT: PIONEERS BUILDING A MOTOR-ROAD IN ITALIAN SOMALILAND; A MOST NECESSARY ACTIVITY IN VIEW OF A POSSIBLE ADVANCE INTO ABYSSINIA.



WATER-SUPPLY: A FATIGUE PARTY AT A WATER DEPOT IN ITALIAN SOMALILAND, WHERE, AS IN ERITREA, LARGE STORAGE RESERVOIRS ARE BEING CONSTRUCTED.

Should war come in Abyssinia, water and roads will be paramount considerations. The Italians realise this full well. Speaking to the Paris "Journal" recently, Signor Lessona, Minister for the Colonies, pointed out that within the last six months three roads had been built from Massawah, capital of the Colony of Eritrea, to Asmara, the seat of Government, and, of course, other construction is proceeding apace. In his recent articles in "The Times," Colonel S. L. Cra'ster noted: "That the

Italians are in deadly earnest at Asmara is evident from the news now coming in of their vast engineering works; of their efforts to improve and build substantial roads; to provide railways towards the front, and to erect ropeways for the carriage of stores. They are preparing also large storage reservoirs, not only for drinking water, but for irrigation, and planning a network of canals and watercourses on the Asmara plateau to raise crops for the use of men and animals."

WITH ITALY'S "ETHIOPIAN FORCES": AT A MILITARY POST IN SOMALILAND.



ON THE ITALIAN "FRONT" IN EAST AFRICA: A SENTRY BEFORE THE BARBED WIRE OF BAIDOA, ITALIAN SOMALILAND.

It has been said that the Italians know very well that, if they go to war, they cannot hope to impose their will upon Abyssinia in less than four years. Hence the thoroughness of their preparations. Apart from other things, the climate would be against them—though it has been described generally as European—and it seems certain that there has already been sickness among the troops sent to their East African

possessions. Doubtless, many of the reports have been exaggerated, and Signor Lessona has denied categorically various stories of heavy casualties and illness among the Italian troops and workmen in Africa. Meanwhile, every medical precaution is being taken to keep the men in good health, and their uniforms and equipment are, of course, strictly practical and "colonial": witness the photograph here reproduced.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A CURIOUS accident led me lately to stumble over an incident which happened some time ago. It was concerned with one of the most interesting men of our time; and also one of the problems which are peculiar to our civilisation and our time. I give the story as I heard it; it reflects on nobody, whether it is true or untrue.

It seems that Mr. Eric Gill, the distinguished sculptor, was engaged to erect a sculptural memorial for the League of Nations, expressing that need for Peace which is now the most direct and vital, not to say deadly, necessity, for all Christians and for all sane men. Apparently he planned a design which involved a Christian symbol; and this was resisted, on the ground that non-Christians might not accept it. I suspect that it was not so much a question of the non-Christians outside Europe as of the Anti-Christians inside Europe. It is very unlike all the little I know of the intellectual leaders of those who follow Confucius or Buddha to object especially to a mystical emblem connected with Christ; and nobody supposes that anybody except leaders and intellectuals has very much to say in such modern political problems. And as for Islam, it is enough to say that Christ is already given at least as high a place by all Moslems as He is by many Modernists.

What produces a practical embarrassment in this case is the sincere and savage hatred felt by many Europeans for the religion of their own European past. And this interests me, simply as a historical comparison, because it is really a historical curiosity. It is a difficulty quite peculiar to Christendom. There does not seem to have been anything like it in Paganism. In the last phase of Paganism there was every sort of doubt; there was every sort of denial; but there was not this particular sort of difficulty. The old gods were once perhaps really worshipped as gods; they were then enjoyed as legends; they were treated lightly as jokes; but they were never hated as symbols. There may have been a time, though I rather doubt it, when people did actually believe that Apollo drove a golden chariot through the sky; but, anyhow, long after Apollo had become an abstraction, an allegory of music or poetry, a tradition that nobody but the most remote rustics took quite seriously, there was most certainly no sculptor from one end of the Roman Empire to the other who would have felt any difficulty, or found any difficulty, in carving Apollo as driving a chariot. The heathens grew cold towards their religion, or even contemptuous of their religion, but they never had any irritation against it that could make them refuse to use its images, or its imagery, in the realm of imagination.

There must have been multitudes of intellectuals, living on the tradition of Euripides or Lucian, who took even a bitter or mocking or pessimistic view of the gods; or simply thought there were no such

things as gods in the world; but they would never have objected to gods as graven images. I never heard of any case of any heathen sceptics becoming iconoclasts; and going out and smashing the popular deities as a protest on behalf of abstract truth. They accepted the lyre of Apollo or the wand of Mercury, just as we still accept a Cupid on a Valentine or a nymph on a stone fountain. We may say that the cupid has been vulgarised and is no longer truly a god. We may say that the nymph has met the gorgon, and been turned to stone. And they may have known in their hearts that their religion was dead. But because it was dead, they had even less desire to make exhausting efforts to kill it. If Christianity were really one of the cults studied in comparative religion, if it were really, as its critics sometimes say, a thing made up of materials borrowed from Paganism, if it were really only the last myth or ritual of the long undying death of the Roman Empire, then there is no reason why its symbolism should not be used forever by anybody; as the symbolism of nymphs and cupids is still used forever by anybody. The

illustration; and nobody would object to ten thousand angels or a million martyrs or any number of crosses and haloes. But the ground of the resistance is that the whole modern comparison between the decline of Paganism and the decline of Christianity is false. Paganism, in the historic sense of Polytheism, did decline once and for all. Christianity has declined twenty times; but nobody who hated it was ever quite certain that it was dead. The rationalist historians of the nineteenth century found it easy to trace in a curve the rise and fall of a religion. They showed very lucidly, to their own satisfaction, that such a historical monstrosity was first a myth, and then a superstition, and then a tradition, and then an abstraction and an allegory. And what they wrote was largely true, if they had happened to be writing the history of Jupiter-Ammon. But as a history of post-Pagan Europe, commonly called Christendom, it is simply not true. It is not the story of something that ruled the whole world, as a pagan deity ruled the whole city. It is not the story of something which was lost when a man left his own city, and enlarged his

mind by considering the gods of other cities. It did not begin by being so powerful as Paganism; it never came to being so impotent as Paganism. It was the story of something that was unsafe at its safest and living still at its lowest; something which is always coming out of the Catacombs and going back again; something that is never entirely acceptable when it appears; and never entirely forgotten when it disappears.

It is this utterly unique and even unnatural vigilance that can alone explain a difficulty like that raised about the graven image of Peace. It is that even in proclaiming political peace it proclaims spiritual war. Its things cannot be used as dead things to deck out any alien triumph; we will not be the skeleton at



OLD SOLDIERLY AND NEW IN ABYSSINIA: WARRIORS IN NATIVE FIGHTING KIT AND IN THE KHAKI OF TO-DAY.

As we have had occasion to note before, Abyssinia's army may be divided into two parts. The standing army—with the Imperial Bodyguard as its spearhead—and the chiefs and their retainers strengthened by those specially called to the colours from civil life in time of war: "every man, except the priests, being an actual or potential soldier." The Bodyguard and a certain number of others have been trained on European lines; but their supply of arms and ammunition is very far from being adequate. It has been reported, indeed, that only 250,000 men of the army of 630,000 can be classed as armed.

real reason is that this religion does differ in one detail from all those ancient and beautiful religions. It is not dead. Everybody knows in his heart that it is not dead; and none better than those who want it to die.

The people arranging for the Peace Memorial of the League of Nations would not have the slightest objection to covering it with signs and symbols which were once religious. They would not object to a statue of Peace holding the olive branch like a statue of Minerva; they would not object to a symbolic figure of Sunrise which had the lyre or the horses of Apollo; they would not be annoyed if somebody conceived womanhood under the form of Diana hunting or manhood under the form of Hercules at rest. All these things are now really an allegory. And if Christians could accept so trifling a modernist modification of their view as to agree that Christianity is dead, they could safely go on using all their great historical and hagiological wealth of imagery and

any pagan feast or the corpse for any scientific body-snatching. But, quite apart from our various individual views on such questions of philosophy, there remains a very practical problem of history. These mysteries are the background of the modern European's past, just as those myths were the background of the most sceptical Pagan's past. And the matter can be put to a perfectly practical test. If you had told one of the last Greek sculptors that he must not represent anything out of the great Greek myths, he would probably have answered, "What shall I represent?" These things were the whole imagery of his imagination. If you tell an artist of the Christian culture, whatever his opinions, that he is to represent peace or charity or universal love by a familiar and obvious emblem—what is the poor devil to do? Pause and think of that point; for it is a perfectly practical point. What are the popular emblems of peace, if we are to cut out all that comes from myths or mysteries or the past?

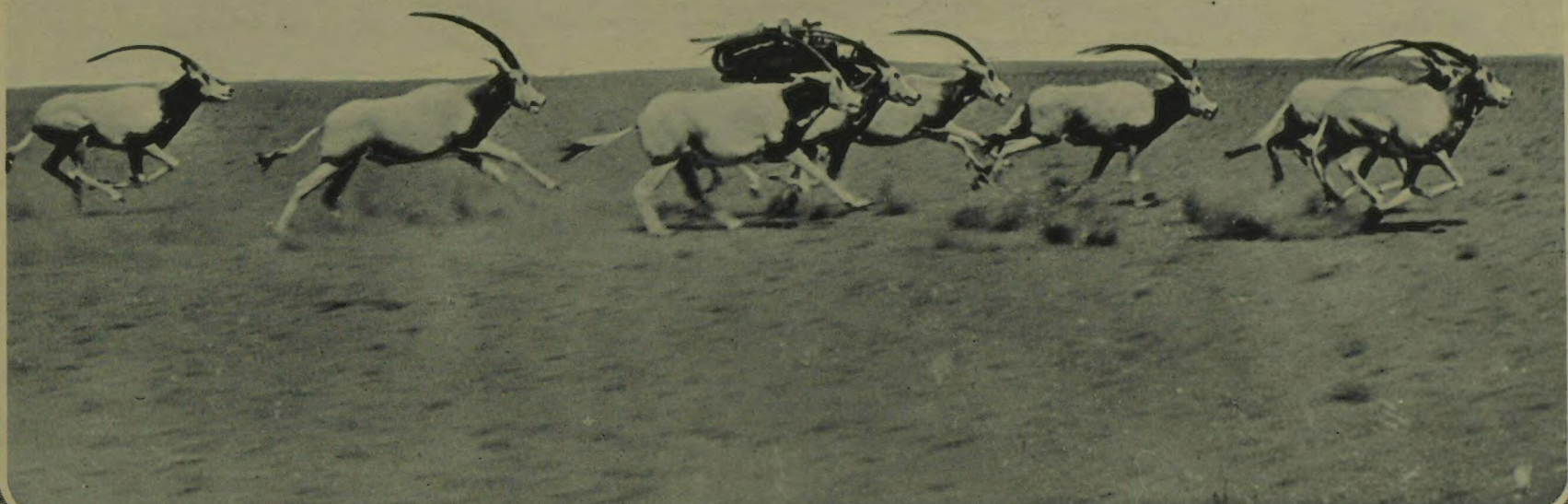
EXPLORING A DEAD LAND: BY CAR ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT.



MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION WHICH RECENTLY EXPLORED THE LIBYAN DESERT BY CAR: MR. R. E. MCEUEN; MR. M. H. MASON; MR. W. B. KENNEDY SHAW, THE LEADER; AND LIEUT. R. N. HARDING NEWMAN (ROYAL TANK CORPS).



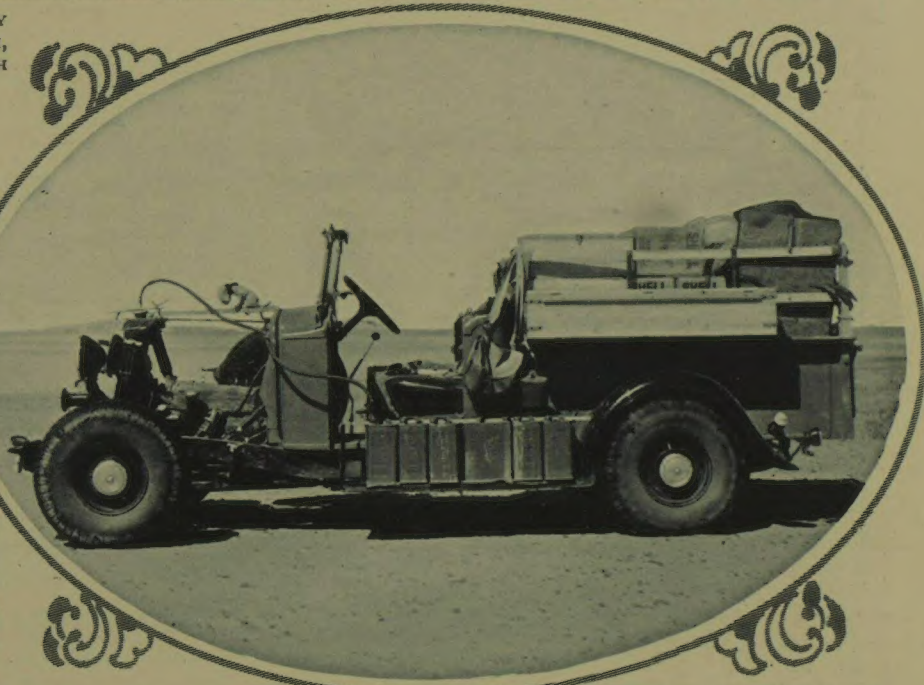
KABABISH ARABS NEAR JEBEL TAGERU, IN THE SOUTH LIBYAN DESERT: NOMADS WHO FOLLOW THE GRAZING WITH THEIR CAMELS, SHEEP, AND GOATS, OFTEN SUBSISTING ALMOST SOLELY ON THE MILK OF THEIR BEASTS.



ORYX ANTELOPE IN THE LIBYAN DESERT NEAR THE WADI HAWA: A GREEN VALLEY WHERE GAME IS PLentiful—ORYX, ADDAX, GAZELLE, GIRAFFE, LION, CHEETAH, HYENA, JACKAL, FOX, WILD DOG, MONKEYS, OSTRICH, AND BUSTARD—ALTHOUGH THE VALLEY IS WATERLESS AND NONE OF THE ANIMALS CAN EVER DRINK.



THE WORST COUNTRY OF ALL—IN THE SUB-DESERT BELT TO THE SOUTH, NEAR MEIDOB: THE "TUSOCK" AREA, WHERE THE ROUGH GOING PUT A TREMENDOUS STRAIN ON THE THREE FORD CARS OF THE EXPEDITION.



ONE OF THE THREE CARS: A 24-H.P. 4-CYLINDER FORD, WITH A CONDENSER ADDED TO THE RADIATOR, IMPROVED SPRINGS, NO BONNET, DOOR, OR HOOD, AND WITH TINS OF WATER ON THE RUNNING-BOARDS.

A most interesting and valuable journey of exploration by motor-car—illustrated here and on the three following pages—was made this year in the Libyan Desert by a British expedition which had the support of the Royal Geographical Society. The party consisted of Mr. W. B. Kennedy Shaw, the leader, the three others shown in our top left-hand illustration, and Colonel and Mrs. G. A. Strutt. Unhappily, Colonel Strutt was injured by falling from a moving car half-way through the journey, and, after being taken to Khartum by air, he died in

hospital. The expedition continued with four members. Altogether, they accomplished a route survey of about 3000 miles through previously unknown country and covered some 6500 miles in all. Some of the going was appalling—especially the "tussock" country in the south Libyan Desert, and the shifting sands of the vast Sand Sea. Sometimes they encountered, for days on end, limitless wastes of hard yellow sand, with never a dune or even a stone to break the monotony. Apart from the one disaster, the expedition was a complete success.

A WATERLESS VALLEY STOCKED WITH ANIMALS WHICH



THE FRINGE OF THE WADI HAWA, THE MOST REMARKABLE NATURAL FEATURE OF THE SOUTH LIBYAN DESERT: A GREEN BUT ALMOST WATERLESS VALLEY, SOME 250 MILES LONG AND CUT OFF ON BOTH SIDES BY DESERT—THE ABODE OF ABUNDANT GAME.



THE WADI HAWA, THE EXPLORATION OF WHICH WAS ONE OF THE CHIEF OBJECTS OF THE EXPEDITION: A WIDE RIBBON OF VEGETATION WINDING THROUGH THE DESERT—IN REMOTE TIMES THE BED OF A GREAT RIVER, PERHAPS A TRIBUTARY OF THE NILE.

The British expedition which, under Mr. W. B. Kennedy Shaw, explored the Libyan Desert by motor-car between January and April of this year, visited two natural features of outstanding interest—the Wadi Hawa in the south and the Gif Kibir towards the centre of the desert. The Wadi Hawa is a broad strip of vegetation, some 250 miles long. In remote times the bed of a great river but now almost waterless. The game which swarms there includes antelope, giraffe, lion, hyena, monkeys, ostrich, and countless bustard. Mr. Kennedy Shaw, in one of his recent articles in "The Times," writes: "In years of good rains an occasional pool may form in the bed of the wadi at its western end, but for all practical purposes it is waterless

east of long. 24, and one is forced to the conclusion that all these animals can and do live entirely without drinking. The vegetation presumably depends on infrequent local showers, at once absorbed by the sand, and on some eastward percolation of water from the hilly country near the frontier [of French Equatorial Africa]." He says it is not known whether the lion, for example, gathers its needed moisture from vegetation or from the bodies of its prey; and if the latter, then how does the hyena live, for he only gets the remains and must find the carcass dry? "The little fennec foxes live on insects and gerbils with never a drop of water." It was the task of the expedition, besides doing survey, botanical, and zoological work in

NEVER DRINK, AND A DEAD WORLD: THE LIBYAN DESERT.



THE WADI HAMRA IN THE GILF KEBIR: ONE OF THE THREE LONG NARROW VALLEYS WHICH DRAIN NORTH FROM THE CENTRE OF THE GREAT PLATEAU—A SLICE CUT INTO THE FLAT-TOPPED, LIFELESS TABLE-LAND WHICH IS "THE VERY PROTOTYPE OF A DEAD WORLD."



ONE OF THE BROAD SANDY VALLEYS WHICH CUT INTO THE GILF KEBIR ON ITS EASTERN SIDE—"AS THOUGH AN ARMY OF GIGANTIC MAGGOTS HAD EATEN THEIR WAY INTO THE PLATEAU AS INTO A FLAT CHEESE": A DESOLATE LAND, WHERE, NEVERTHELESS, ROCK PAINTINGS WERE FOUND.

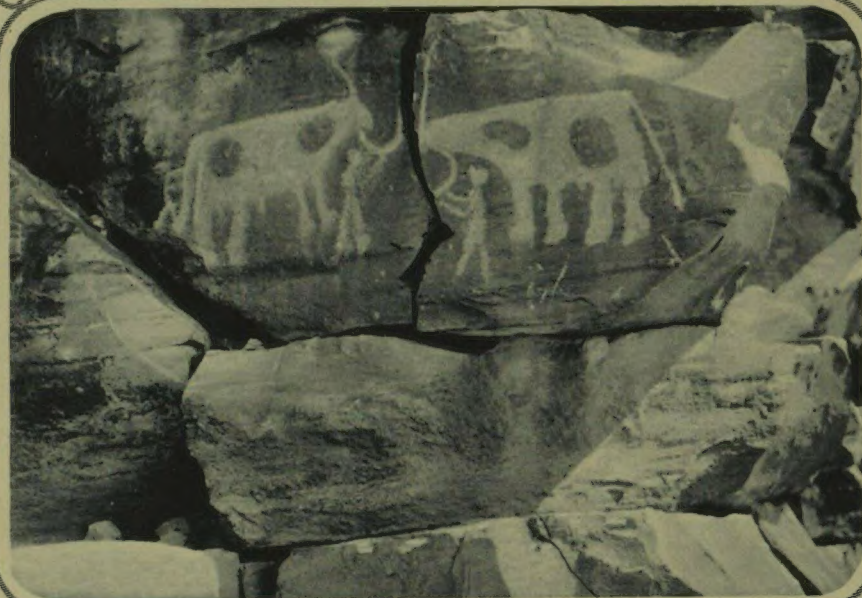
the wadi, also to study its archeology. They found ample evidence of occupation in the past. "Potsherds, ashly middens, human and animal bones, querns and stone implements indicate a succession of ancient sites. . . . One burial was found intact, with armlets, anklets, and waistbelt of ostrich shell beads. Hitherto these remains have been considered to belong to the later Merottic period, of the fourth and fifth centuries A.D.; more study is needed, but recent evidence suggests that they may well be much earlier." The great plateau of the Gif Kibir, some 500 miles north of the Wadi Hawa, stretches northwards from lat. 23 for 150 miles. With the Sand Sea to the north of it, it forms for nearly six degrees of latitude an almost

impassable barrier to east and west movement across the Libyan Desert. The expedition made its way up the Wadi Hamra, a long narrow valley in the Gif. There they found many carcasses of Barbary sheep. "These," in the words of Mr. Kennedy Shaw, "had evidently died a natural death: Arabs would have split their skulls for the brains, and they have no other enemies than man. At places one can climb the steep slopes of the wadi and reach the top of the plateau. The dead-flat surface of blackened sandstone stretches away as far as the eye can see, with nothing to break the horizon line. Here is the very prototype of a dead world: a high, lifeless table-land so silent that one stands listening for something to hear."

THE WORK OF PREHISTORIC ARTISTS: ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE LIBYAN DESERT.



ROCK PAINTINGS IN A CAVE OF THE GILF KEBIR PLATEAU, THOUGHT TO BE MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND YEARS OLD: A HUT WITH OBJECTS HANGING FROM THE ROOF, A WOMAN INSIDE, AND A MAN STANDING AT THE DOOR.



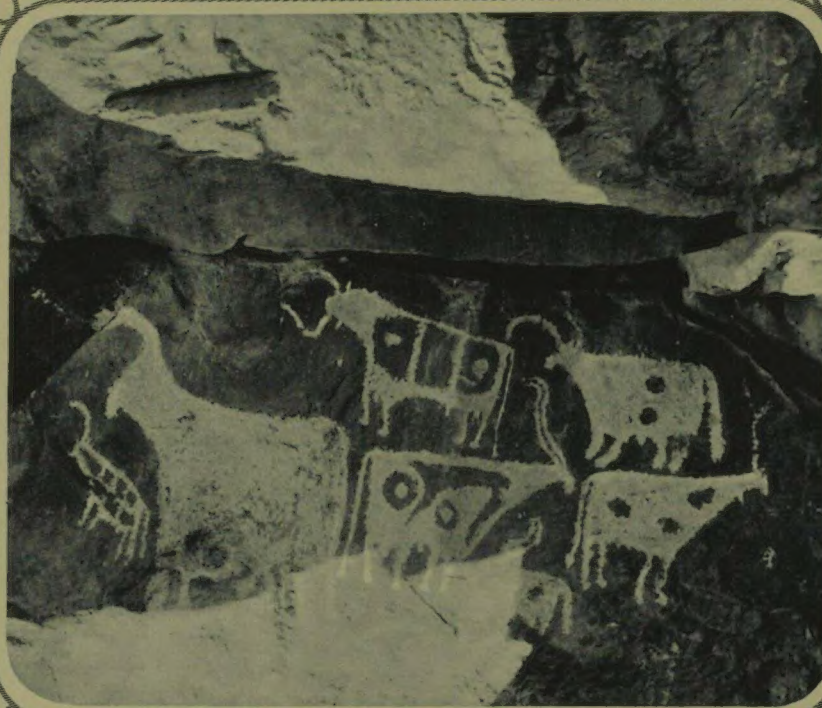
A CATTLE SCENE, WITH HUMAN FIGURES, AMONG THE ROCK DRAWINGS OF WADI EL MUSAWWAR ("THE PICTURED"): DESIGNS SCORED ON THE ROCK IN OUTLINE OR LOW RELIEF—NOT PAINTED, AS IN THE GILF KEBIR.



A MYSTERY OF THE LIBYAN DESERT: HUNDREDS OF EARTHENWARE JARS AT POTTERY HILL, BETWEEN DAKHLA OASIS AND THE GILF KEBIR, BROUGHT THERE FOR AN UNKNOWN PURPOSE AND BY UNKNOWN HANDS.



ROCK DRAWINGS AT WADI HUSSEIN, A BROAD VALLEY NEAR MERGA OASIS FIRST DISCOVERED BY NEWBOLD AND KENNEDY SHAW IN 1927: ANIMALS SCRATCHED IN OUTLINE ON THE ROCK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.



ANIMAL FIGURES COVERING THE ALMOST INACCESSIBLE SIDES OF A GORGE AT EL MUSAWWAR, IN THE SOUTH LIBYAN DESERT: HEAVY, STYLIZED DRAWINGS INFERIOR TO AND MUCH LATER THAN THE PAINTINGS OF THE GILF KEBIR.



MUD DEPOSITS OF STREAMLINED FORM NEAR DAKHLA OASIS: A CURIOSITY OF THE LIBYAN DESERT, IN WHICH MR. KENNEDY SHAW'S EXPEDITION COVERED 6500 MILES BY CAR, MORE THAN 3000 MILES BEING IN NEW COUNTRY.

Mr. Kennedy Shaw's motor-car expedition in the Libyan Desert this year collected much valuable archaeological data, besides doing survey work and studying the flora, fauna, and geology of the regions traversed. At the head of a valley running into the vast lifeless plateau of the Gilf Kebir—the most desolate country imaginable—were found rock paintings in a cave. "On the low roof," wrote Mr. Kennedy Shaw in "The Times," "were a couple of dozen paintings in red and white, the colours amazingly fresh if . . . they do indeed date from the end of the Old Stone

Age, more than 10,000 years ago. The subjects were mostly cattle, but there were human figures full of life and movement." Most interesting of all is the representation of a hut shown in our top left-hand illustration. By contrast, the rock drawings at El Musawwar, to the south, are heavy and conventional. The mysterious earthenware jars at Pottery Hill (discovered by Dr. Ball in 1916) in some cases bear markings identical with tribal marks used to-day by the Tibbu of Tibesti, in French Africa. They may have contained a store of food or water for a raid on Dakhla.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOKS of travel are as plentiful as blackberries, but not all blackberries are equally palatable. Just as there is a great difference between the hard, red, unripened fruit of a dusty wayside hedgerow and that which has mellowed full purple under the maturing sun on an open heath, so one travel book differs from another in its appeal to the reader's taste. The essential qualities in a good book of travel, I think, are an attractive personality, a power of presenting to the reader's mind a vivid picture of places and people described, and a command of language coupled with a sense of style.

All these qualities unite in a book to which the author's death in a recent air disaster lends tragic interest, namely, "DESOLATE MARCHES": Travels in the Orinoco Llanos of Venezuela. By L. M. Nesbitt. Illustrated from Drawings by the Author (Cape; 10s. 6d.). Many readers will doubtless recall Mr. Nesbitt's previous work, "Desert and Forest," the First Exploration of Abyssinian Danakil, which evoked a chorus of praise from leading critics, some of whom considered his prose akin to that of Doughty. That book did not happen to come my way, so I cannot compare it with the present volume. Of "Desolate Marches," however, I can affirm that, although a complete stranger to Venezuela, after reading Mr. Nesbitt's book I now feel perfectly familiar with that region and its inhabitants. So beguiling was the narrative of events, the portrayal of character, and the description of the country with its wild life—animals, reptiles, birds, and insects—that I was constrained to finish the book the same day that I began it.

The charm of the author's style is mainly due to a smooth simplicity, with an unobtrusive variety of construction, and a consistent aptness of word and phrase. There is no grandiloquence or straining after effect, though there are many passages of striking beauty, especially those relating to the giant trees of the tropical forest and its warfare with "meddling Man." Though no large wild beasts were encountered, there was constant danger from snakes (some of which "jumped, or even seemed to fly from tree to tree"), vampire bats, and alligators in the rivers. The forest teemed with other forms of life, such as monkeys, deer, parrots, huge lizards, birds, and insects innumerable. This element in the book will fascinate the nature-lover, who will be interested also in a deserted house (mentioned incidentally), in which Humboldt, the famous naturalist, once stayed.

Mr. Nesbitt was no idle tourist or seeker after strange adventure for its own sake—a result sometimes attained by ignorance or inefficiency. Adventures did befall him, inevitably in such a land (as, for example, when he was lost in the forest), but he visited the country for a definite purpose. "By 1928," he writes, "Venezuela had become the second largest producer of petroleum in the world. It was in connection with this industry that I undertook the journey. . . . For four months I toiled in the sultry heat of the shadeless plains and the primeval forest, enduring at times sickness, thirst and hunger, and always the plague of myriads of stinging insects: but these trials bulk less in my memory now than the warm-hearted courtesy and hospitality of the people, and the faithful service rendered to me by those of them whom I had the happiness to employ."

The account of this arduous survey work, which involved cutting or opening up miles of track through dense tropical forest, is in itself full of interest, with its many vicissitudes. Still more arresting, however, is the picture of social conditions in a fever-stricken and decaying hinterland, where republicanism, says the author, had had a disastrous effect, and "revolution had ruined and not yet rebuilt the colonies of proud unforesighted Spain." The country traversed was dotted with moribund old Spanish houses, villages, and churches, and inhabited largely by human derelicts, including "tropical tramps" and escaped convicts from Devil's Island. Some of these last the author befriended and strove to regenerate, with varying success. One French convict, whom he found "down and out," became a devoted and efficient worker, and Mr. Nesbitt would have liked to take the man with him on leaving Venezuela, but that could not be, as "an escaped convict has no identification papers, nor would he be wise to make use of them if he had any." The final farewell between the two is poignant. "The man was regenerated," but "he must remain in the primitive debasing refuge of the tropical forest, or return to the annihilating life of his prison cell. . . . Men prate of injustice in the distribution of wealth. What of the injustice in the distribution of punishment?"

Several allusions to Abyssinia in Mr. Nesbitt's pages are naturally of special interest just now. At the end of his work in Venezuela, he accepted a Paris firm's proposal that he should go to western Abyssinia and report on certain platinum deposits which had recently been discovered there. Accordingly, in June 1927, he set sail for Europe, having completed four years of work and travel in North and Central America. Curiously enough, another reference to Abyssinia occurs in connection with the author's memories of his boyhood in Italy, where he often heard about the sufferings of Italian emigrants who crossed the Atlantic in the holds of ships to seek work on the coffee plantations of Brazil. "Towards the end of the last century," he writes, "the recruiting agents used to scour the country like press-gangs. . . . Their feverish efforts have at length resulted in coffee being used as fuel

his translations from Russian of the adventures of P. S. Nazarov as a fugitive from the Bolsheviks. Most of these books have been noticed on this page when they appeared. As a qualified entomologist, Mr. Burr would have had notes to compare with Mr. Nesbitt, for during the Salonika campaign, with which the present volume is largely concerned, various malignant insects were evidently quite as pestilent a nuisance as those which the surveyor had encountered in Venezuela. Naturally Mr. Burr devotes considerable attention to this subject, also to observations of plant life, animals, and birds, notably an immense "formation flight" of starlings. Digressions into natural history, however, are only incidental to his main story.

First of all, the title he has chosen needs a word of explanation which is provided in the form of a facsimile of a document issued by an assistant Provost Marshal and worded as follows: "Captain Burr, O.C. No. 1 Civil Labour Bn., has permission to wear a slouch hat instead of a helmet." This official pass, apparently, relates to Mr. Burr's first big job during the Macedonian operations. One morning a sapper colonel came to tell him that his Corps could not cope with the rabble on the roads, consisting of thousands of refugees, mostly agricultural labourers, who blocked the military traffic. Thus it fell to Mr. Burr to organise some 3000 men into a disciplined labour corps. It was evidently a Herculean task, and the author gives a lively account of his experiences and of the characteristics of the Serbs, Greeks, and men of other Balkan nationalities with whom he had to deal. On one occasion, he and a fellow officer were held up by a band of brigands, and the situation was critical till suddenly a voice called out, "Don't shoot! It is Captain Burr. He is all right. I have served under him."

This book, I should add, is not entirely made up of campaigning experiences, for it contains also memories of wanderings in the Balkans both before and since the war. While it includes some grim episodes, it is for the most part written in a "light-hearted fashion"—to quote the foreword by Lord Milne, who happily sums up the early part of the book as follows: "His reminiscences of boyish tramps collecting insects, learning the languages, and studying the peoples of Rumania, Bosnia, and Hercegovina, Dalmatia, and, above all, Montenegro, will, I trust, excite the pioneering spirit in modern youth." One incident of these early days, which will appeal to our readers, occurred during a walking tour with a friend in Montenegro, at "a tiny walled city" named Budva, "which is passed over in silence by Baedeker." Despite this fact, however,

the modest inn run by an English-speaking proprietor was evidently not behind the times. "The innkeeper (we read) begged us to send him *The Illustrated London News*." He evidently realised that it would tell him everything which, as a man of the world, he needed to know.

It may be that to build and inhabit a house in a foreign land does not exactly come under the head of travel, but to whatever class of literature it should be assigned, a delightful picture of country life in southern France is given in "PERFUME FROM PROVENCE." By the Honourable Lady Fortescue. With Drawings by E. H. Shepard (Blackwood; 8s. 6d.). The fanciful title is well chosen, for if one sought an epithet to describe the book, the word "fragrant" would suggest itself as perhaps the most appropriate. Lady Fortescue describes with infinite humour and kindly penetration her dealings with French and Italian builders and decorators, an inimitable Provençal gardener, and the domestic affairs of her rural neighbours, including a wedding in which she and her car found themselves playing an important part.

Her account of shopping in a Provençal town typifies the whole atmosphere of this idyllic region. "Here," she writes, "there is a lovely leisure in all our doings. The sun shines so gloriously, the sky is so incredibly blue, and the scent of flowers, warmed by the sunshine, so drowsy and intoxicating that there is every inducement to be lazy and leisurely." Despite the fact that it ends on a note of sadness and bereavement, this is throughout a thoroughly happy little book. Needless to say, the numerous and masterly line drawings by Mr. E. H. Shepard, the well-known *Punch* artist, add enormously to the gaiety of the letterpress, the spirit of which they so aptly reproduce.

C. E. B.



A TRAGEDY ON THE "BOUNTY": THE FILM RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FAMOUS VESSEL, IN WHICH A CAMERAMAN WAS DROWNED WHEN THE BOAT WAS PARTIALLY SUBMERGED.

Hollywood has been making a film called "Mutiny on the 'Bounty,'" based on the famous eighteenth-century naval mutiny in the Pacific. Charles Laughton has the part of Captain Bligh, whose severity led to the mutiny. This reconstruction was made for the film; but when the boat was partially submerged at Cuyler's Harbour, thirty-five miles from Santa Barbara, for the photographing of the scuttling scenes on July 26, an assistant cameraman was lost overboard and drowned.

and as food for fishes. It would have been better had the properties of the miserable berry never been discovered, and the plant never allowed to spread beyond the limits of its native countries, Abyssinia and the highlands of south-western Arabia."

Mr. Nesbitt, I should imagine, might have found a kindred spirit, if he had met (possibly he had actually done so) the author of "SLOUCH HAT." By Malcolm Burr, D.S.C., A.R.S.M., F.R.Ent.Soc., etc. With a Foreword by Field-Marshal Lord Milne of Salonika. With fifty-three illustrations and two Maps (Allen and Unwin; 15s.). Mr. Burr likewise is a man of science who has knocked about the world prospecting, as witness his previous books, "A Fossicker in Angola" and "In Bolshevik Siberia," besides

THE TRAGIC EPIC.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM": By T. E. LAWRENCE.*

(PUBLISHED BY CAPE.)

THIS book has already become one of the most famous in the world, and surely no work of letters or of history has ever sprung into celebrity in a more strange manner. Very few people have seen it, for its first edition was for

figures of this saga), and took the port of Akaba, thereby changing the whole character of the future campaign. His doctrine prevailed by the sheer force of his spirit, and in spite of incidental enterprises which he regarded as failures, the ultimate success was assured, once the general direction had taken new life from the imagination and genius of Allenby—whom Lawrence, no friend of professional soldiers, regarded as a truly great commander.

On the purely physical side of this long and crowded narrative, it is unnecessary to say that it is crammed with every kind of exploit and adventure. Here, again, we despair of conveying any adequate impression of the volume's amazing abundance of battle and encounter, of raids on bridges and railways, of Bedouin life and personages, of the desert as it was known to this man who often travelled in it a thousand miles a month on camel-back. All this is usually described by that overworked adjective "romantic," but Lawrence was under no illusion about the desert and its people. "Bedouin ways were hard even for those brought up to them, and for strangers terrible: a death in life." It is utterly astonishing that Lawrence, with his frail body and sensitive nature, could have endured physically all that

all events, than is represented by the motives which he describes in the *envoy* of his book: "a pugnacious wish to win the war," "Curiosity" and a boyhood's dream "to feel myself the node of a national movement," "historical ambition," and one personal motive which is obscurely referred to and remains mysterious. But whatever instinctive urge drove him to such titanic effort, it was effort after things in which he did not believe, and in the midst of ceaseless accomplishment he remained the invincible Sceptic. His whole work and character were, according to his own self-analysis, one huge paradox. In this aspect, the story which he tells is essentially tragic.

In the first place, he felt the whole of his "diathesis" among the Arabs to be based on deception. He had early become aware of the so-called McMahon Pledges and the Sykes-Picot Treaty which, in his view, meant simply that Britain intended to trick the Arabs for the benefit of France, out of the promised reward for their services. Rightly or wrongly, therefore, Lawrence believed that every appeal which he addressed to the Arabs, was a lie, and again and again he returns to the theme that by lending himself to this "fraud" he had betrayed his brothers-in-arms and had for ever forfeited his honour. From the gnawing of this bitter thought—whether it was well or ill-founded—Lawrence never escaped: at the very beginning of his book he refers to "the evil of my tale," and that was the aspect which predominated in his mind.

But his scepticism went still deeper. Even if he had thought all British promises to the Arabs to be genuine, he still would not have believed in the principles and professions by which he exhorted the Arabs to action.

He disclaims any faith in the martial and nationalistic "ideal" which he preached, and constantly represents himself as a play-actor astonished at the success of his own dissimulation. "Among the Arabs I was the disillusioned, the sceptic, who envied their cheap belief. The unperceived sham looked so well-fitting and becoming a dress for shoddy man. The ignorant, the superficial, the deceived were the happy among us. By our swindle they were glorified. We paid for them our self-respect, and they gained the deepest feeling of their lives. The more we condemned and despised ourselves, the more we could cynically take pride in them, our creatures." Lawrence constantly draws a distinction between man-instinctive and "man-rational." The former kept him greatly doing; the latter condemned and repudiated all that he did. It is impossible to imagine a more cruel dilemma for any man of intelligence.

The brief chapter in which Lawrence submits himself to ruthless analysis will probably become one of the most famous "confessions" in our language. It is terrible in its despair and self-disgust. The reader will be astonished to find the real Lawrence—or, at all events, Lawrence as he saw himself, which perhaps is not the same thing—the opposite in almost every particular of the popular conception of him. Here indeed is matter for the psychologist, who would doubtless say that the keynote is "repression." Every quality which the world knew in Lawrence was, according to this fierce self-examination, merely its repressed converse. One illustration, in a matter which always puzzled the world, will suffice: "There was a craving to be famous; and a horror of being known to like being known. Contempt for my passion for distinction made me refuse every offered honour."

And so this masterpiece remains, like its author, a baffling paradox. If we had the same pitiless insight into the hearts of great men as Lawrence had into his own, might we not have the same mixture of feeling towards them all? C. K. A.



"A MISCARRIAGE": BY ERIC KENNINGTON: AN ILLUSTRATION SHOWING LAWRENCE HELPLESS BEHIND A BUSH "WHICH SHRANK SMALLER THAN A FIG-LEAF," AFTER HIS EXPLODER HAD FAILED TO DETONATE THE CHARGE UNDER A TURKISH TRAIN; WAVING AND GRINNING NERVOUSLY AT THE TURKISH OFFICERS, WHO TOOK GREAT INTEREST IN THIS "IMPROBABLE SHEPHERD IN MECCAN DRESS."

private circulation only, and the general public has read only an abridgement. The very circumstances of its composition have been unusual; it was written in all sorts of places and at all sorts of times, and everybody knows that a considerable portion of its first draft was lost on a railway station. Like other English classics on Arabia, it combines with intrinsic interest of subject-matter a literary quality of the highest distinction. It is not only an epic, but the self-expression of a most singular personality. There can have been few books in the history of literature which have come before the public so confidently assured of authority and reputation. The present edition is magnificently produced at a cost which should place it within the reach of many thousands of readers.

Before such a book a reviewer stands somewhat baffled. It seems impossible to give any adequate account of what Lawrence actually *did* in Arabia: we can only indicate certain turning-points—as they seem to us—in his astounding work among the tribes. It is hardly necessary to say that for years before the war he had steeped himself in the customs of the East, and was able, with little effort, to identify himself completely with Arabian desert life. From the beginning of the war, he, with a small group of believers whom he calls an "intrusive" band, was convinced that the great hope for the Allies in their Eastern campaign lay in the promotion of the Arabian Nationalist movement, which had been gathering momentum for many years. The decisive moment of Lawrence's whole undertaking was when he discovered, in Feisal, the essential ally. Together they ended the Hejaz war. But Lawrence was vaguely dissatisfied even with these successful operations, and gradually felt his way to a new conception of the whole enterprise in which he was engaged. It revealed itself to him fully when—as often happens—his mind was unusually clear under the stress of physical illness. It is characteristic of the man that he professed to be wholly ignorant of strategy, though it will be evident to the reader that he had studied it far more deeply than most professional soldiers. So far as the Arabian campaign was concerned, he rejected all orthodox doctrines. "Most wars were wars of contact, both forces striving into touch to avoid tactical surprise. Ours should be a war of detachment. We were to contain the enemy by the silent threat of a vast unknown desert, not disclosing ourselves till we attacked. The attack might be nominal, directed not against him, but against his stuff, so it would not seek either his strength or his weakness, but his most 'accessible material.'" "Our cards were speed and time, not hitting power." "The Arab war was geographical, and the Turkish Army an accident. Our aim was to seek the enemy's weakest material link and bear only on that till time made their whole length fail."

But there was another motive force, more subtle and even more important. Lawrence, borrowing from Xenophon, calls it *diathesis*. "It considered the capacity for mood of our men, their complexities and mutability and the cultivation of whatever in them promised to profit our intention." It was in that psychological or spiritual influence among a most intricately-minded people that Lawrence stands as one of the most extraordinary men in the history of war. When he could not persuade others to his doctrine, he set off on his own account, with the magnificent Auda Abu Tayi (perhaps the most picturesque among many epic



THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM," WHICH IS NOW PUBLISHED IN UNABRIDGED FORM FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION: A BUST OF COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE BY ERIC KENNINGTON. Reproductions from "Seven Pillars of Wisdom"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Jonathan Cape. (Copyrights reserved.)

he did endure—illness, wounds, injury, daily risks, exhaustion and horror. For there is much horror in these pages, recorded with a kind of calm detachment which makes it all the more terrible. Both the Turkish and the Arab methods of warfare were of a ferocity which sometimes makes dreadful reading. There is one incident almost too gruesome for print (yet it was right to print it). Lawrence, in particularly revolting circumstances, underwent torture, enough to kill most men, at the hands of a sadistic Turkish officer. Neither this nor any other hideous circumstance of the long campaign is extenuated: sometimes Lawrence seems to speak of them almost lightly; and yet one feels that all the time they were lacerating a shuddering soul—and, indeed, Lawrence tells us as much in his introduction. Little "romance" in all that.

What carried him on through all these tremendous experiences? Nothing could have done so—one would have ventured to guess—except a flaming, overmastering conviction, an objective passionately believed in and desired. But here we touch the most remarkable feature of this unprecedented self-revelation—Lawrence had no conviction, no faith! He probably had more than he allowed himself to think—more, at



A LITERARY METHOD": ONE OF ERIC KENNINGTON'S EXCELLENT LINE DRAWINGS OF LAWRENCE, IN "SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM."

* "Seven Pillars of Wisdom: A Triumph." By T. E. Lawrence. Complete and Unabridged. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 30s.)

THE CELEBRATIONS THE ITALIAN MINISTER TO ABYSSINIA DID NOT ATTEND.



THE FRENCH MINISTER ARRIVING FOR THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY RECEPTION IN ADDIS ABABA—IN THE BACKGROUND, THE GUARD OF HONOUR, AND BRITISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN ASKARIS.



ABOUT TO ENTER THE IMPERIAL PALACE TO BE RECEIVED BY HIS SOVEREIGN: THE ABYSSINIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF (ADJUSTING HIS SWORD); WITH THE ABYSSINIAN MINISTER FOR WAR BESIDE HIM.



THE BRITISH MINISTER ARRIVING BY CAR FOR THE RECEPTION: THE ABYSSINIAN GUARD SALUTING IN HONOUR OF KING GEORGE'S REPRESENTATIVE, WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY CONVEYED TO THE EMPEROR HIS MAJESTY'S MESSAGE FELICITATING HIM ON HIS BIRTHDAY.



By Courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph."
SIR SIDNEY BARTON, THE BRITISH MINISTER, GREETED BY THE GRAND CHAMBERLAIN.



ABYSSINIA'S SEVEN-FOOT DRUM MAJOR LEADING THE BAND THROUGH THE RAIN-SOAKED STREETS OF ADDIS ABABA, EN ROUTE FOR THE CELEBRATIONS AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE.



ABYSSINIAN NOTABILITIES ON THEIR WAY TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE FOR THE RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR: CABINET MINISTERS IN FULL DRESS.

The Emperor of Abyssinia, who was born on July 17, 1891, celebrated his forty-fifth birthday at Addis Ababa on July 23. The ceremonies began with a salute of twenty-one shots fired from a cannon. Then, at nine, the Emperor, seated in his Throne Room, received Ethiopian notabilities, the Diplomatic Corps and European advisers, and distinguished local foreigners, among whom were forty Moslem envoys. His Majesty wore a black cape embroidered in gold and scarlet, with the Gold Chain of the Order of Solomon, the oldest and highest Order of Ethiopia and that conferred upon King George recently in recognition of the Silver Jubilee.

Much comment was caused by the fact that Count Vinci-Gigliucci, the Italian Minister, and the members of the Italian Legation, absented themselves from the proceedings (it is said, "not acting under instructions"); and it was understood that they had done so in view of the vigorous speech the Emperor had made in the Parliament House on the 18th. Later, the Emperor banqueted his warriors of all ranks; and there was also a dinner, followed by a reception, for the Royal family, Ministers, First Secretaries of Legations, and Grandees. King George sent the Emperor a message felicitating him on his birthday.

ARMED ABYSSINIA: EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE EMPEROR'S REVIEW.



IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS EMPEROR, WHO IS SEEN UNDER THE STATE UMBRELLA: A NEWLY-TRAINED OFFICER OF THE ABYSSINIAN ARMY TAKING THE OATH, RAISING HIS RIGHT HAND AND TOUCHING THE COLOUR WITH HIS LEFT.



THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA AT THE REVIEW: HIS MAJESTY STANDING BEFORE HIS GILT CHAIR UNDER AN ORANGE UMBRELLA; WITH HIS THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON AT HIS LEFT HAND.



THE EMPEROR REVIEWS HIS TROOPS BEFORE HIS "BETTER TO DIE FREE" SPEECH IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, ADDIS ABABA: HIS MAJESTY HAILE SELASSIE, IN FIELD-MARSHAL'S KHAKI UNIFORM, RIDING ON TO THE LITTLE GIBBI PALACE SQUARE.



THE CHIEF MOSLEM OF THE WAL-WAL DISTRICT, SCENE OF THE FRONTIER INCIDENTS OF LAST DECEMBER WHICH LED TO THE ITALO-ABYSSINIAN CRISIS: H. E. OGAS ROBBI AT THE REVIEW.

Before he addressed his Parliament on July 18, the Emperor of Abyssinia held a review of troops, saw newly-trained officers take the oath, and presented decorations. The Imperial Bodyguard, with carabinieri and lancers—some 4000 in all—paraded in the Little Gibbi Palace Square. Then the Emperor rode round the ground, afterwards taking his seat on a gilt and silk-embroidered chair, under an orange umbrella, in the centre. He was accompanied by his thirteen-year-old son, by his War Minister, and by Ras Mulugheta, Commander of the Guard. Thirty-two officers took the oath of fidelity; and there was a General Salute.

At the end of the ceremonial, his Majesty promoted the Commander of the Guard and conferred the Order of the Star of Ethiopia upon Major Dote, Commander of the Belgian Mission. In his speech in the Parliament House, he said: "Soldiers, when you have heard that in the battle-fire a loved and respected chieftain has fallen, do not weep or despair. The man who dies for his country is happy. Blind Death destroys in peace as well as in war. Better to die free than to live as slaves. Remember your fathers who fell." Finally, he affirmed his strong desire for peace, a desire he has emphasised on several occasions.

THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA MAKING HIS "BETTER TO DIE FREE" SPEECH.



THE EMPEROR HAILE SILASSIE, SPEECH IN HAND, ADDRESSING PARLIAMENT FROM HIS BOX IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE; SAYING: "IT IS BETTER TO DIE FREE THAN TO LIVE AS SLAVES. . . YOUR SOVEREIGN IN YOUR MIDST WILL NOT HESITATE TO SPILL HIS BLOOD FOR THE INDEPENDENCE OF ABYSSINIA."

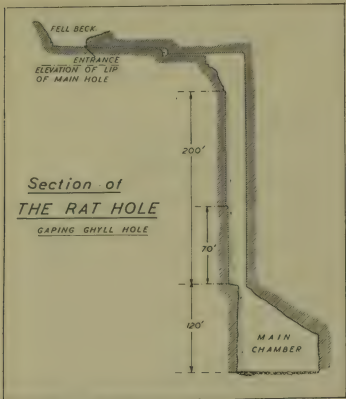


THE EMPEROR LEAVING THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AFTER HIS FIRM SPEECH, WHICH WAS DELIVERED TO SENATORS, MEMBERS, OFFICERS, AND OTHER NOTABILITIES: HIS MAJESTY IN HIS CAR, IN THE KHAKI UNIFORM OF A FIELD-MARSHAL AND WEARING A TOPEE; WITH AN OFFICER SEATED BEHIND HIM IN THE DICKEY.

The Emperor of Abyssinia read a vigorous speech in the Parliament House at Addis Ababa on July 18. In the course of it, he said: "Abyssinia menaces nobody, but knows how to fight to the last man to preserve the country's independence and sovereignty. Italians, fortified though they may be by all modern weapons, will yet see how a poor but united people will defend their country and their Emperor. . . Follow the example of your warrior ancestors. Traders and peasants, young and old, men and women, unite to face the invader. . . Your sovereign in your midst will not hesitate to spill his blood for the independence

of Abyssinia." He added that, in face of an invader, all would be united, Christians and Moslems, saying: "God will be our rampart and our shield." For the rest, we would add that the photograph of the Emperor speaking in his Parliament House was taken under very great difficulties. His Majesty, who was wearing the khaki uniform of a Field-Marshal, was in the shade of the heavily draped Imperial Box, and, of course, the lighting was most indifferent from the photographer's point of view. In the circumstances, the result must be regarded as a most praise-worthy achievement; and, in any case, records an historic occasion.

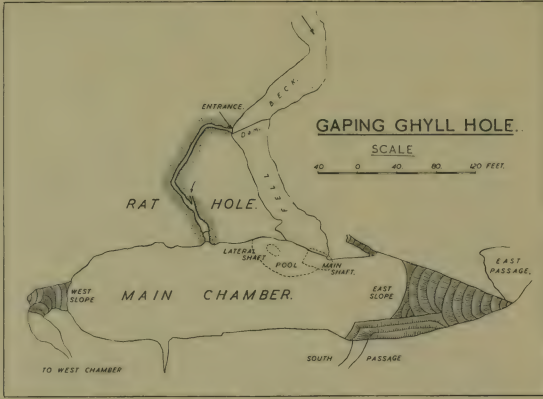
GAPING GHYLL DESCENDED FOR THE FIRST TIME



THE RAT HOLE IN SECTION: A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE NARROW PASSAGE IS FOLLOWED BY A SHEER 300-FT. DROP TO THE FLOOR OF THE MAIN CHAMBER.

THE recent expedition by the members of the Craven Pot-hole Club, resulting in the first descent of Gaping Ghyll via the Rat Hole shaft, completes the exploration into Britain's premier pot-hole from all the entrances at present known at the surface. Forty years ago M. Martel first descended by the obvious opening at the surface, which forms the termination of the mountain torrent, Fell Beck. In 1909 the members of the Yorkshire Speleological Association discovered what is now known as the Flood Entrance, a series of tortuous passages communicating with the south-east passage; but, although the existence of the Rat Hole and its communication with the main chamber has been known during the last thirty years, it was not until last year that the first attempt was made to explore it. To those conversant with the ground, the reason for this delay is not far to seek. The entrance is situated some fifty yards above the main hole and is a low horizontal slit some eighteen inches high, into which the waters of Fell Beck are turned by a dam during the normal explorations of the main hole. On entering, the passage for one hundred and fifty feet just permits a normal-sized person to wriggle through; and it was through this contracted passage, happily rendered almost dry by the diversion of the surface stream, that the six explorers, hampered by the transport of ropes and ladders, had to work their way to the short pitches leading to the

(Continued opposite.)



THE GREAT POT-HOLE IN BRITAIN: A DIAGRAM OF GAPING GHYLL, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN ENTERED BY THE RAT HOLE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY.

(Continued.) sloping gulley which ends at the head of the first sheer pitch of two hundred feet. The ladders were belayed here and the first man then essayed the descent. As he descended, one could find foothold on a jutting rock some nine inches square, and by looking over the lip of the hole, watch him as he disappeared into the void below, his head-light becoming smaller and smaller, until, when he reached the bottom of the first ladder, it became a small glimmer in an apparently bottomless vault of velvety blackness. The second man descended and joined the first on the broad water-swept ledge one hundred and twenty feet above the main chamber floor. The last pitch proved a comparatively easy one, as the explorers were on familiar ground, and a few moments sufficed for them to land upon the floor of that majestic "Hall of the Winds"—the main cavern of Gaping Ghyll. This cavern is one of the largest natural chambers in the world and makes a singularly impressive picture. Its total floor space is about half an acre, the length being some five hundred feet, whilst the roughly parallel walls are eighty feet apart, the height being one hundred and twenty feet. Daylight filters from the surface through the main shaft, and, looking up this, one gets the impression that it is a gigantic telescope; whilst the roaring twin falls, twice the height of Niagara, form a picture so unique as to justify the difficulties and discomforts of exploration.—By E. SIMPSON.

ONE OF THE MYSTERIOUS UNDERGROUND STREAMS IN THE FURTHER REACHES OF GAPING GHYLL—ITS SOURCE AND DIRECTION UNKNOWN.



THE SURFACE OPENING OF GAPING GHYLL, DOWN WHICH THE WATERS OF FELL BECK, IN NORMAL FLOW, DISAPPEAR ON THEIR UNDERGROUND JOURNEY TO BECK HEAD, A MILE AWAY, ON A COURSE WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN TRACED.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE RAT HOLE SHAFT (LEFT CENTRE, OPPOSITE THE STANDING WOMAN); SHOWING DAM BOARDS IN POSITION: THE NARROW PASSAGE, CONQUERED AT LAST, LEADING TO THE MAIN CHAMBER OF GAPING GHYLL.

BY THE RAT HOLE SHAFT: A SPELEOLOGICAL FEAT.



THE MAIN CHAMBER OF GAPING GHYLL, INGLEBOROUGH, FROM THE EAST: A VAST AND ROMANTIC CAVERN, ABOUT HALF AN ACRE IN EXTENT; WITH LIGHT FILTERING IN THROUGH ITS MAIN SHAFT, TWICE THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA.



AT THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT CARNARVON: MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, WHO WAS MADE A BARD, IN HER ROBES.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod was opened at Carnarvon on August 6. Mr. Lloyd George attended on August 8; and on that day Miss Megan Lloyd George, who adopted the name of Megan Menai for the occasion, was initiated into the Bardic circle. The chaired bard at the Eisteddfod was Mr. Gwyndaf Evans, a twenty-two-year-old student of Aberystwyth University College.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.

The liner "Champlain," of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, was prevented from sailing from Havre on August 7 by a strike of her crew, whose pay had been reduced in accordance with the Laval plan. Eventually she sailed on August 9, after the crew had agreed to accept the terms offered by the company and the Ministry of Marine. She left Southampton the same day.



AFTER HAVING BEEN DELAYED BY THE STRIKE AT HAVRE: THE FRENCH LINER "CHAMPLAIN" SEEN FROM THE TENDER TAKING PASSENGERS TO HER IN COWES ROADS.



THE NEW ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM AT PERTH: A VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS WHICH WERE OPENED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Duke and Duchess of York officiated at the opening of the new Art Gallery and Museum at Perth on August 10. The new buildings had been erected at a cost of £35,000. Their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by Lord Provost Hunter and by the Duke of Atholl, as Lord Lieutenant of the County. In his speech, the Duke of York congratulated the city on successfully tackling the slum-clearance problem; the new Art Gallery standing in a previous slum area. On the same



THE DUCHESS OF YORK PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE 4TH/5TH BATTALION, BLACK WATCH: H.R.H. WATCHING A MARCH-PAST IN THE GROUNDS OF GLAMIS CASTLE.

day the Duchess of York presented new colours to the 4th/5th Battalion of her native county Regiment, the Black Watch, in the grounds of her father's home, Glamis Castle. The colours of the battalion were destroyed in a fire which burned down the Dundee Drill Hall some years ago. The Duchess of York is seen in our illustration watching a march-past of the Battalion, with the Duke of York and her daughters, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, behind her.



THE PROGRESS OF THE "QUEEN MARY": THE GREAT VESSEL PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR; WITH HER THIRD FUNNEL STILL TO BE PUT IN PLACE.

A recent report from Glasgow states that the steel-work on the "Queen Mary" is substantially complete and that the ship is now passing into the hands of the woodworkers and decorators. Several parts of her are already in a sea-going condition. The paneling of the lower decks has begun. To prevent vibration penetrating to the passengers' quarters, a special system of stress bulkheads has been erected at vulnerable points.



SALVAGE WORK ON H.M.S. "BULWARK," WHICH BLEW UP OFF SHEERNESS IN 1914. PORTIONS OF THE BATTLESHIP BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.

A description of the above photograph reads: "Divers are trying to salvage the battleship 'Bulwark,' sunk in 1914 with the loss of 781 lives. The wreck of the vessel has lain in 70 fathoms for twenty-one years. Now attempts are being made to raise the wreck—work being carried out from the former monitor 'Humber.'" The "Bulwark" was one of seven Allied ships of war destroyed at different times by mysterious internal explosions.

DECORATION DIRECTED BY A "COMPOSER-CONDUCTOR"!
IN THE "ORION," THE LINER THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
LAUNCHED BY WIRELESS.



THE FIRST-CLASS GALLEY DECK



THE SHIP'S BOND STORE, IN THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE DESIGN



THE NEW 23,371-TON ORIENT LINER "ORION."



MIRRORS IN THE FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE



THE FIRST-CLASS DINING ROOM, WITH A TOUCH OF AUSTRALIAN PHOTOGRAPHY



THE SITTING ROOM IN A SPECIAL SUITE

A SHIP WITH CHARACTER: THE NEW 23,371-TON ORIENT LINER "ORION," WHICH BEGAN HER MAIDEN CRUISE THIS WEEK.

The mail steamer "Orion," of the Orient Line, which was launched by wireless from Brisbane by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester in December last, left Tilbury for Southampton on August 13, preparatory to her maiden cruise. She is a very fine and notably comfortable vessel and has numerous new and unusual features. Particularly, it is to be noted that the whole of the interior decoration has been in the hands of one man, with the result that it has a unity of feeling not

commonly found in liners: "Mr. Brian O'Rourke, the architect responsible for all the interior decoration of the ship, acts as a sort of 'composer-conductor' to an orchestra of craftsmen and some designers who may be likened to soloists." And it must be added that the harmony thus achieved is but one of the outward and visible signs of the care that has been lavished on the vessel as a whole, which is designed for First Class and Tourist Class passengers and provides countless amenities for both.



A FLOAT TO TEST THE STAGNATION OF THE THAMES: ITS ATTENDANT SKIFF ENDANGERED BY THE RIVER'S HEAVY TRAFFIC.

Dr. C. F. White, Medical Officer of Health for the Port of London, in his annual report to the City Corporation on August 8, drew attention to the present condition of the Thames and to the danger of it becoming seriously offensive in its course through London. His report receives an apt commentary from this drawing, which illustrates one of the more important but less known functions of the Port of London Authority. It is known as the "upland water test," and its purpose is to keep

constant observation of the rate of flow of the Thames. The chief factor in the test is a small float (seen towards the left) which is put into the river at Teddington and is attended night and day on its journey to the sea. As the tide ebbs and returns, so the float journeys to and fro, normally "making ground" at each ebb. The distance to be covered is some sixty miles; the estimated drift of the float may be as much as 900 miles or more. The degree of stagnation, and hence of foulness,

indicated by a recent test, which our artist observed and took part in, fully confirms the warning expressed by Dr. White in his report. As Mr. Mason shows in the drawing, the duty of attending the float is not without peril. When big steamers with attendant tugs, fish-carriers and the like come upstream on the full flood, while outward-bounders push downstream against it, things may suddenly become exciting, even dangerous, for the crew of the P.L.A. skiff. All pilots are warned to keep

a sharp look-out for a tiny float with a boat showing a green flag in attendance, but they cannot always pick it up or, having done so, give it a wide berth. The river is narrow, the traffic heavy, and at times the men must ply their oars for dear life and leave the float temporarily to its fate. Seldom does the latter fail to emerge presently out of the foaming wake of some ship, and the positive affection with which the P.L.A. watermen who watch it come to regard it is understandable.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY FRANK H. MASON, R.I.

DURING FLOODS THAT AFFECTED TEN MILLION: HANKOW SAVED BY ITS DYKE.



THE CHANGKUNG DYKE SURROUNDING HANKOW; SHOWING THE RELATIVE LEVELS OF THE FLOOD OUTSIDE (RIGHT) WITHIN NINE INCHES OF THE TOP, AND A LOTUS LAKE INSIDE WHICH UNDERMINED THE DYKE.



DIGGING UP A GRAVEYARD, STREWN WITH COFFINS, TO PROTECT THE DYKE AT A THREATENED SPOT: THE ONLY DRY RUBBLE AVAILABLE IN AN INTENSIVELY CULTIVATED RICE-PADDY DISTRICT.



COOLIES WORKING TO FILL A SMALL CRACK ON THE WEATHER SIDE OF THE DYKE AGAINST FLOOD-WATER WHICH COVERED NORMALLY FERTILE LAND TO A DEPTH OF THIRTY FEET OR MORE: A SAND-BAG BARRAGE (FOREGROUND) TO PREVENT THE WATER BREAKING RIGHT OVER THE DYKE.



STRENGTHENING THE DYKE WITH BAGS OF MUD AND RUBBLE AND BY DRIVING IN PILES: THE SOLE DEFENCE OF HANKOW AGAINST THE FLOODS, SINCE THE CITY LAY SOME TEN FEET BELOW THEIR LEVEL.



STREAMS OF COOLIES BRINGING SACKS OF RUBBLE FROM THE GRAVEYARD TO THE DYKE ACROSS THE LOTUS LAKE: A PHASE OF THE DESPERATE DEFENCE OF HANKOW AGAINST THE SIEGE OF FLOODS.

According to Chinese official estimates, this summer's floods in the Yangtse valley—the provinces of Hupeh, Hunan, Kiangsi, and Anhwei—affected ten million people, inundated a hundred thousand square miles of farm land, and inflicted five hundred million dollars' worth of damage. While it is impossible to estimate how many lost their lives, the number must run into very many thousands. The Yellow River also overflowed, and there was serious flooding in Shantung. On this page we illustrate the defence of the great city of Hankow, situated a mile below the confluence of the Yangtse and the Han Rivers, both of which were in flood. In the end Hankow was saved; but during the first half of July it appeared from the air as the only spot of green within a radius of forty miles. Thousands of refugees, having lost all they possessed, lined the great dyke surrounding the

city, known as the Changkung Dyke. It alone protected Hankow, the greater part of which was from ten to sixteen feet below river-level. The flood-water lapped within nine inches of the dyke-top all the way round, and had the dyke given way, the city would have become one vast lake. The worst danger point was where the backing of the dyke had slipped away for about a quarter of a mile, leaving only its stone facing between the flood and Hankow. This subsidence was due to heavy rain and to the undermining of the dyke by a large lotus lake at its base, which the authorities had never bothered to fill in. A graveyard, dug up and sacrificed completely, supplied the only dry rubble available to protect the danger point. Little provision for food or water could be made for the coolies, and hundreds of them collapsed working in a shade temperature of 100 degrees.

"MERMAIDS" AT THE LONDON "ZOO": THE PECULIAR MANATEE.



THE FEMALE MANATEE—THE UPPER PART OF THE HEAD, SHOWING THE BUTTON-LIKE NOSTRILS CLOSED: A CREATURE WHICH, THOUGH NO BEAUTY, PROBABLY GAVE RISE TO THE MERMAID LEGEND.



THE MALE MANATEE: THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE HEAD, WITH ITS PREHENSILE CLEFT UPPER LIP, THE OPPOSING HALVES OF WHICH ARE ABLE TO NIP HOLD OF VEGETATION AND WAFT IT INTO THE MOUTH.



FIVE AND A HALF HUNDREDWEIGHT OF WET ACTIVITY: TRANSPORTING ONE OF THE MANATEES, BY MEANS OF A TARPULIN AND A TROLLEY, FROM THE TANK IN WHICH IT ARRIVED AT THE "ZOO" TO ITS NEW, SPECIALLY BUILT TANK IN THE AQUARIUM.



BREATHING AT THE SURFACE OF ITS TANK: WIDE-OPEN NOSTRILS WITH A "FLAP-VALVE" TO OCCLUDE THEM WHEN SUBMERGED.



FEEDING THE MANATEES IN THEIR NEW TANK, WITH ITS ARTIFICIAL BEACH, IN THE AQUARIUM: WATER HEATED TO A TEMPERATURE OF 80 DEGREES TO SUIT THESE DENIZENS OF EQUATORIAL ESTUARIES.



THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE MALE MANATEE'S HUGE TAIL, FLATTENED HORIZONTALLY TO HELP IN SWIMMING: AN ADAPTATION OF THE MAMMAL TO LIFE IN THE WATER—LIKE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HIND-LIMBS.

The first living manatee brought to England was received in the Zoological Gardens in 1875; but neither that nor later specimens survived long, and the "Zoo," until last Saturday, August 10, had not had a manatee for over thirty years. Then a pair, a male and a female, arrived from Trinidad. Each is about five feet long, weighs about 5½ cwt., and belongs to the species *Manatus americanus*. The manatee is a herbivorous, aquatic mammal, inhabiting shallow seas and bays, lagoons, estuaries, and large rivers on either side of the Atlantic in equatorial and tropical latitudes. Although its development from a land animal has been parallel with that of the carnivorous whales and porpoises, it is no relation of them but is thought to have originated from a primitive elephant-like ancestor. The fore-limbs of the manatee are now flippers, the hind-limbs have disappeared,

and the tail is broadly flattened to aid in swimming. The animals may grow to be eight or ten feet long. Manatees almost certainly gave rise to the mermaid legend. It is the female's custom to suckle her young by raising herself partly out of the water, holding her baby to her breast with one flipper, and swimming with the other. In this position she might be mistaken for a fish-tailed human—at a distance and by a credulous mariner. A manatee's face is very ugly. The eyes are small, with imperfectly developed lids; the round nostrils are placed at the apex of the muzzle; there are no visible ears; and the upper lip, surrounded by a coarse growth of bristles, is cleft like a hare-lip and prehensile. With this lip the creature seizes the vegetation on which it feeds—at the "Zoo" mostly lettuce—and with the help of the under-lip conveys it to its mouth.

MOSLEM RIOTING IN LAHORE: A DISPUTE OVER A MOSQUE.



THE CROWD OF RIOTOUS MOSLEMS BEING WARNED BEFORE THE POLICE MADE THEIR LATHI CHARGE: TENSION ARISING OUT OF AN OLD DISPUTE ABOUT A TEMPLE BETWEEN MOSLEMS AND SIKHS AT LAHORE.



THE CROWD OF MOSLEMS, STILL IN QUITE A FRIENDLY MOOD, OUTSIDE ONE OF THE BARBED-WIRE BARRIERS ERECTED IN LAHORE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT FIVE HOURS BEFORE THE STREET WAS CLEARED.



POLICE FORMING UP BEFORE A LATHI CHARGE TO DISPERSE THE MOB; SHOWING NATIVE RANKS ON THE RIGHT AND EUROPEAN OFFICERS IN THE FOREGROUND: A PRELUDE TO THE FIRING WHICH LATER BECAME NECESSARY.



AFTER THE LATHI CHARGE, AND JUST BEFORE THE FIRING BY MEN OF THE 2ND ROYAL SCOTS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ROAD ALONG WHICH THE CROWD RETURNED IN A THOROUGHLY MENACING MOOD.



A CORDON OF POLICE WATCHING THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE DELHI GATE AND PREVENTING THEM FROM APPROACHING THE DISPUTED MOSQUE: THE SITUATION ON THE LAST DAY OF THE RIOTS, JULY 22.



AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRING AT LAHORE, IN WHICH ABOUT NINE CASUALTIES WERE CAUSED: THE CROWD RETREATING DOWN THE ROAD (CENTRE), LEAVING ONE OF THEIR NUMBER LYING HIT.

Rioting in Lahore between July 20 and 22 was sufficiently serious to make it necessary for British troops to fire, and there were several Moslem casualties. Before firing, every attempt was made to keep the situation in hand by means of lathi (stick) charges. The riots arose out of an old dispute between the Moslems and the Sikhs. The Sikhs began to demolish an old mosque of theirs (illustrated in our issue of July 27). On three previous occasions the Moslems had claimed ownership of this mosque, and each time the ruling was against them. The Koran says that a mosque

once built must never be demolished, although it may apparently be allowed to fall down and even to become a danger to life and property, as was the mosque in question. Accordingly, when the Sikhs began to dismantle it, there was trouble, and police patrols had to be posted round the disturbed area to prevent bloodshed. Meanwhile, the Governor of the Punjab, Sir Herbert Emerson, tried to get the dispute settled by negotiation; but this was stopped by the impatience of the Sikhs, who continued the work of demolition in defiance of their leaders' promise to suspend it.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS AND PRINCESS JULIANA IN SCOTLAND—WALKING NEAR LOCH EARN.
Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, travelling as the Countess van Duren, and her only child, H.R.H. Princess Juliana, who is the heir to the Throne, arrived at St. Fillans, in the Perthshire Highlands, on August 7. Queen Wilhelmina is taking a complete rest, but, of course, is keeping in touch with affairs of State. Among other localities, she has visited the Trossachs.



AN OCCASION IN HYDERABAD: THE BRITISH RESIDENT (CENTRE; SEATED) WITH THE SON OF THE NIZAM'S FIRST MINISTER (IN INDIAN DRESS) DURING THE CELEBRATIONS OF THE LATTER'S WEDDING.

Our photograph was taken on the occasion of the dinner given to the British Resident in Hyderabad by H.E. Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad Bahadur, G.C.I.E., Chief Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad, on the occasion of the marriage of his son, Khwaja Nasarullah Khan. The bridegroom is seen seated next to the Hon. D. G. Mackenzie, the Resident; with Nawab Moinud-Dowla Bahadur, the bride's father, on the Resident's right. The Nizam's chief Minister is seen seated second from the right.

SIGNOR LUIGI RAZZA.

Italian Minister of Public Works. Killed, with Baron Raimondo Franchetti, in an aeroplane disaster on August 8. One of the original members of the Fascist Party, and a member of the Fascist Grand Council. Sometime High Commissioner for Migration and Colonisation.



BARON RAIMONDO FRANCHETTI.

The wealthy Italian explorer. Killed in an aeroplane disaster in Egypt, with Signor L. Razza, August 8. One of Italy's richest men. Had headed exploring expeditions to East Africa, North and South Abyssinia, Sudan, and other places.



THE LATE LORD WOOLAVINGTON: A DE LÁSZLÓ PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS SPORTING PEER.

Lord Woolavington, the well-known owner and breeder of race-horses, and chairman of firms of whisky distillers, died on August 9, at the age of eighty-five. He began his career by selling whisky for a firm of Scottish distillers in London. His horses twice won the Derby; and last year he only narrowly missed winning it a third time with Easton. We reproduce here a portrait of Lord Woolavington by P. A. de László, M.V.O.



THE REV. LORD VICTOR SEYMOUR.

The youngest and only surviving son of the fifth Marquess of Hertford. Died August 7; aged seventy-six. For many years rector of All Saints' Church, Carshalton. Subsequently vicar of St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, for many years.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

The distinguished poet. Died August 13; aged seventy-seven. He very nearly became Poet Laureate; but was passed over in favour of Austin Dobson. His best-known works include "The Father of the Forest" and "Wordsworth's Grave."



THE DANISH CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS IN ENGLAND; WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Crown Prince of Denmark and Princess Ingrid have been visiting England, where they stayed with the Duke of Connaught, who is Princess Ingrid's grandfather. The Crown Prince and Princess left Denmark on August 5; and it was stated they would probably remain in England till August 17. They visited the King and Queen on August 12.



THE DUKE OF KENT IN YUGOSLAVIA; WITH HIS HOSTS, PRINCE PAUL AND PRINCESS OLGA.

As we noted in our last issue, the Duke and Duchess of Kent have been paying a visit to Yugoslavia. They arrived at the Lake of Bohinj on August 2. They have been staying in the villa of Prince Paul, the First Regent of Yugoslavia, who is Princess Marina's brother-in-law. Prince Paul welcomed them with his wife, Princess Olga, and Prince and Princess Nicholas.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK IN SCOTLAND: H.R.H. AT GLAMIS STATION WITH HER DAUGHTERS.

A large crowd gathered at Glamis on August 8 to greet the Duchess of York, who, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, arrived there after an all-night train journey from London. Dookie, Princess Elizabeth's favourite Welsh corgi, accompanied them. The Duke of York joined the Duchess and the Princesses at Glamis on August 9.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

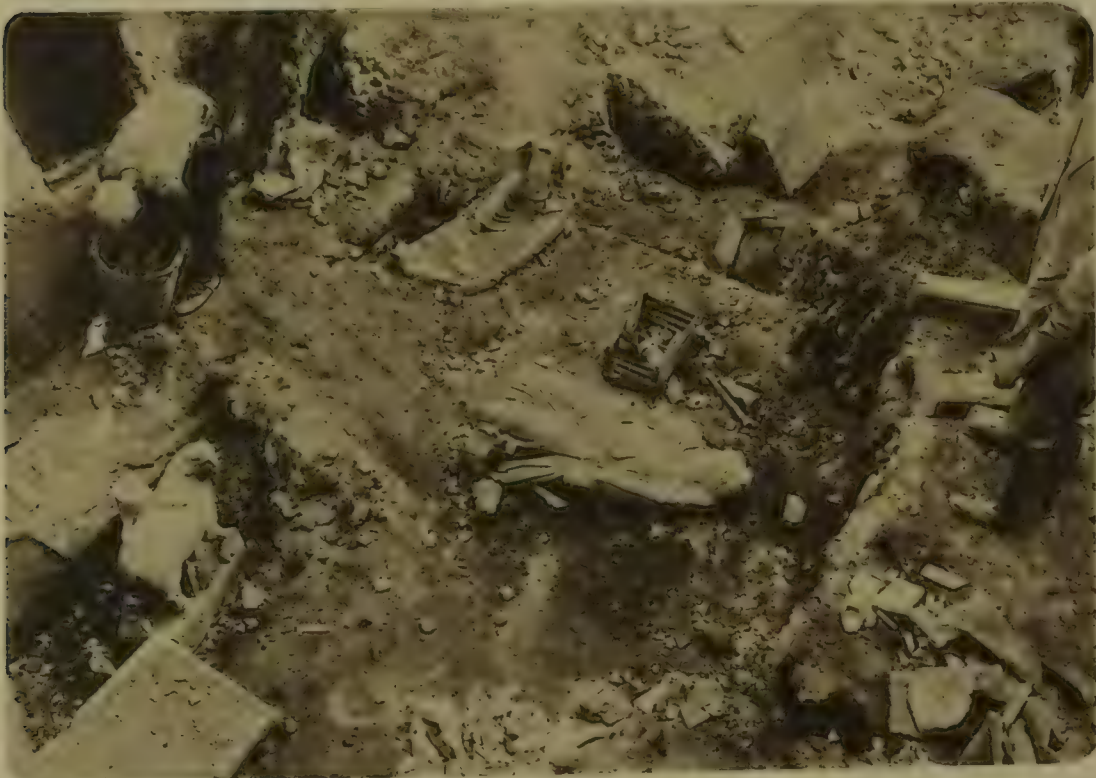


"MINDEN DAY" CELEBRATED IN PALESTINE: THE CEREMONIAL PARADE OF THE 2ND BATTALION LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS AT HAIFA; SHOWING THE DRUMS DECORATED WITH TRADITIONAL ROSES IN MEMORY OF THE BATTLE.



"TROOPING THE COLOUR" AT HAIFA ON "MINDEN DAY": THE PARADE OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS WHICH LIEUT.-GENERAL WAUCHOPE, THE HIGH COMMISSIONER, INSPECTED.

A "Minden Day" Parade of the 2nd Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers took place at Haifa on August 1 and the Parade was inspected by Lieut.-General Wauchope, High Commissioner for Palestine. The Battle of Minden, it may be recalled, was fought on August 1, 1759, between the Allied Army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick and the French under Marshal Contades. Six British infantry regiments, through a misunderstood order, advanced on a body of massed French cavalry covered by artillery, and eventually drove off the cavalry in confusion—an extraordinary feat of arms. Tradition states that the British infantry on their march to the battlefield passed through a rose garden, and that the men picked the roses and placed them in their hats. Since then it has been the custom for the six regiments to wear a rose in their head-dress on August 1.



A TEMPLE OF JUPITER DOLICHENUS BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN ROME: THE SITE ON THE AVENTINE; WITH EXCAVATED STATUARY.

Repairs to a drain on the Aventine Hill led recently to the discovery of a Temple of Jupiter Dolichenus and a marble statue of the god. The god is represented with characteristic attributes, holding a thunderbolt in his left hand and a double-edged axe in his right. A number of other objects were brought to light, including an inscription which mentions the name of the Emperor Commodus. Images of Jupiter Dolichenus are said to be very rare. There are examples in museums at Budapest and Wiesbaden.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A "QUEEN ANNE" SILVER CUP.

The period of English silver, characterised by simplicity of style and fine workmanship, which bears the convenient label of "Queen Anne," actually overlapped that reign at both ends. This cup, made in 1722-23, is a late example, the work of John Eckfouard, of Drury Lane. It bears a beautifully engraved coat of arms, recording the union of a son of the Eyre family with a Wrothe.



THE DEATH OF THE TETRARCH: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMOUS RACEHORSE WHO WAS KNOWN AS "THE SPOTTED WONDER."

The Tetrarch, probably the most famous racehorse of our time, died recently at the stud of his owner, Major Dermot McCalmont, in Ireland, at the age of twenty-four. He made his first appearance on a racecourse at Newmarket in 1913. No horse could stand up to him; but he was scratched just before the Derby in 1914. His remarkable markings led to his being nicknamed "The Spotted Wonder," but these faded as he grew older, leaving him nearly white.



"PETS' CORNER" AT THE LONDON "ZOO": A SMALL VISITOR WITH A LION CUB IN THE NEW ENCLOSURE WHERE CHILDREN MAY PLAY WITH TAME YOUNG ANIMALS.

An innovation at the "Zoo" is a pets' corner, which, on fine days, is occupied by a picked team of tame young animals, absolutely reliable in their behaviour with strangers. There children and other visitors may play with the animals, and also, for a small fee, may be photographed with them by a professional photographer if they so desire. A similar "nursery" has been in use for some time at the Berlin "Zoo." The London one will be extended next year if it proves popular.

BY CAREL FABRITIUS,
PUPIL AND PEER OF REMBRANDT AND MASTER
OF VERMEER.



"AN OLD WOMAN."

Panel : 71 by 55 cm. Collection Dr. C. J. K. van Aalst, Hoevelaken.



"A MAN IN ARMOUR."

Canvas : 64 by 58.7 cm. Douwes Collection, Amsterdam.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN."

Canvas : 60.5 by 49.5 cm. From Sweden. Exhibited by P. de Boer



"PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT."

Panel : 26 by 21 cm. Leipzig.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN."

Panel : 26.5 by 23.8 cm. Oldenburg Gallery.



"MAN IN A BARRET" (? SELF-PORTRAIT).

Canvas : 61 by 52 cm. Alte Pinakothek, Munich.



"STUDY OF A HEAD."

Panel : 29.9 by 19.7 cm. The Louvre, Paris.



"A MAN IN A BIG HAT."

Panel : 26 by 19.5 cm. Groningen Museum.



"A MAN IN A HELMET."

Panel : 38 by 30 cm. Groningen Museum.

Our readers will recall that we reproduced in our last issue certain of the masterpieces by Rembrandt van Rhyn which have been gathered together in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Here and on the following page we deal with another special exhibition in Holland—that which began in the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, last month and will continue until October 9. This is devoted to pictures by Vermeer and artists of the seventeenth-century Delft School who worked in his immediate vicinity; notably Carel Fabritius,

who is still not as well known as he should be, but is regarded by many as the equal of Rembrandt, whose pupil he was: his "Man in a Barret," seen above, was shown as a Rembrandt when it was in Würzburg and there have been other such attributions. Fabritius, it may be added, was born about 1624, where is unknown; and he was killed in an explosion in Delft in October 1654. Obviously, he owed much to Rembrandt, but he was independent enough not to merge his individuality in that of his master. Vermeer was his most famous pupil.

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**THE VERMEER EXHIBITION IN ROTTERDAM:
VERMEERS AND DE HOOCHS SHOWN IN THE BOYMANS MUSEUM.**



"THE GAME OF NINE-PINS."—BY PIETER DE HOOCH (1632-1681).
Canvas: 75 by 60.7 cm. Mary Hanna Collection, Cincinnati Museum.



"THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD."—BY PIETER DE HOOCH.
Panel: 60 by 47 cm. Collection Mevr. C. von Pannwitz, Heemstede.



"THE LOVE-LETTER."—BY JAN VERMEER (1632-1675).
Canvas: 71 by 58.5 cm. Lady Beit Collection, London.



"GIRL AT A WINDOW."—BY JAN VERMEER.
Canvas: 43.7 by 38.7 cm. Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Notable among the pictures collected for the Vermeer Exhibition in the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, which is devoted, as we have remarked on the page preceding this, to Jan Vermeer of Delft (1632-1675) and artists who worked in his immediate vicinity, are paintings not only by Vermeer himself, but by Carel Fabritius (c. 1624-1654), to whom our other page is given; Pieter de Hooch (1632-1681); Emanuel de Witte (1607-1692); and the very rare and charming painter, Daniel Vosmaer. Among the Vermeers is the delightful "Portrait of a Young Girl" discovered recently in London and first published in "The Illustrated London News" on April 20. In

this connection, it may be noted that Vermeer was almost completely forgotten for some two hundred years, and during that period various works by him were attributed to de Hooch, Ter Borch, Metsu, and others, even to Rembrandt. A few years ago, under forty of his paintings were known. As to de Hooch, he studied the works of both Rembrandt and Fabritius, the latter the pupil of the former and the master of Vermeer. It has been suggested that, after the death of Fabritius, Vermeer studied under Rembrandt. Modern opinion does not agree with this and is inclined to the belief that Vermeer's last master was Leonard Bramer.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE OKAPI.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE first living specimen of an okapi ever seen in England arrived at the gardens of the Zoological Society a few days ago. This was, indeed, a great event, for it is one of the most interesting and remarkable of all the ruminants. Those, however, who hasten to see it, expecting to find "a cross between a giraffe, a deer, and a zebra," will make their journey in vain. But I have seen it thus described in more than one newspaper. How such a grotesque parentage ever took shape in the mind of man I cannot imagine, for it displays a most amazing ignorance of the limitations of "crossing." A cross between a ruminant of any kind and one of the horse-tribe, of which, of course, the zebra is a member, is impossible. As well one might expect a cross between a hedge-hog and a porcupine!

It is now just 35 years since the existence of this strange animal first came to light.* And this when two curiously marked strips of hide, used by the natives of the Congo as "bandoliers," were sent by the late Sir Harry Johnston from the Semliki forest, to the late Dr. P. L. Slater, then secretary of the Zoological Society. Very naturally, he came to the conclusion that he had before him evidence of a hitherto unknown species of zebra, which he designated "*Equus johnstoni*." A year later Sir Harry secured for the British Museum of Natural History a complete skin and skull. As soon as these came into his possession he saw at once that the supposed zebra was evidently some sort of giraffe. But the task of describing this wonderful animal fell to my old chief, the late Professor Sir Ray Lankester, who named it

Okapia johnstoni, after a very careful study of skulls and skeletons of adult and immature animals which speedily reached this country; for the big-game hunters lost no time in securing specimens of this new prize!

The general characters of the skeleton alone sufficed to show that this animal was a primitive type of giraffe; but there were two features which finally closed every loop-hole of escape from this conclusion. And these were the characteristic "giraffe-type" of horns, and the form of the canine tooth, for this is marked by a deep cleft, hitherto known, among the ruminants, only in the true giraffes. The point about the

horns is this: in all the ruminants, save the giraffes, they develop continuously from the skull; but in the giraffes they are formed separately. The okapi, however, shows an interesting and earlier stage in the evolution of these horns. For in the typical giraffes they are present, though small, in the new-born young. In the okapi they do not make their appearance until the animal is well grown, and then in the form of what Sir Ray Lankester called "ossicones" (Fig. 3), that is to say, small cones of bone readily detachable from the skull. This sequence follows the general rule which we find to obtain in following up the developmental history of a race. The more highly specialised tend to acquire their distinctive characters earlier and earlier, in succeeding generations. We find this in the okapi and the giraffe; for in the latter, as I have said, the horns, are about an inch long at birth. In the okapi they do not appear till much later, and then never attain to the size attained in the giraffe, which, be it noted, has gone a stage further in having, in some races, as many as five horns. In both okapi and giraffe, however, they differ from the horns of other ruminants in being covered with skin and hair, but those of the okapi are peculiar in that the tip of the horn, in fully adult animals, pushes its way through the skin.

After an examination of many skeletons, some of which are in Continental museums, Sir Ray Lankester came to the conclusion that there may be two distinct races of the okapi, divisible into broad and narrow-skulled types. But he also found that individual variations, especially of the skeleton, are more numerous, and more marked, than in any other known ruminant. And now as to its haunts and habits, which stand in the strongest possible contrast with those of the giraffe. The first, and best, account of these that I know of, was that of the late Capt. Boyd-Alexander, who, with Capt. Gosling, made special efforts to secure at least one specimen, which they succeeded in doing. They found that the haunts of this animal are streams running through swampy ground thickly overgrown with a clean-stemmed plant, six to 8 feet high, with bunches of large, shiny, oval leaves at the top. The young shoots seem to form the staple food of the okapi. In search of these they wander along in the mud and water during the

night, retreating to the shelter of the thick forest till dusk. These haunts seem to explain the strange coloration of the hide of this animal. For the general hue of the body may be described as almost black, with a reddish tinge, relieved by white markings on the buttocks and legs, strongly suggestive of the stripes of the zebra. But when the pattern in these two types comes to be compared, they are found to be very different. For in the okapi, on the hind-quarters, the white stripes cease at the hocks. On the fore-limbs they are confined to the fore-arm, but from the knee downwards the leg is white with a broad black band running down the front, expanding above the fetlock to encircle it. Below, immediately above the hoof, in both fore and hind limbs, is a ring of white. This description is in general terms, for in no two animals are the stripes



1. THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE OKAPI TO COME THROUGH TO THE CIVILISED WORLD: "BANDOLIERS" CUT FROM THE ANIMAL'S SKIN BY NATIVES—SENT TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM FOR IDENTIFICATION THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN, IN DEFAULT OF OTHER EVIDENCE, IT WAS CONCLUDED THAT THEY HAD COME FROM SOME UNKNOWN SPECIES OF ZEBRA.



2. THE FIRST PICTURE OF AN OKAPI EVER PUBLISHED: AN ILLUSTRATION COMPOSED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF A SPECIMEN MOUNTED BY ROWLAND WARD AND CO., THE WELL-KNOWN TAXIDERMISTS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE OKAPI'S HAUNTS TAKEN BY MAJOR POWELL-COTTON—REPRODUCED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IN 1907.



3. THE TWO "OSSICONES" (A) ON THE SKULL OF A YOUNG OKAPI, CONSTITUTING A POINT OF KINSHIP BETWEEN THIS SPECIES AND THE GIRAFFE: IMMATURE HORNS, WHICH DEVELOP SEPARATELY FROM THE SKULL AND LATER FUSE THEREWITH, A PROCESS OCCURRING IN NO RUMINANT OTHER THAN THE GIRAFFES AND THE OKAPI.

* The first photograph ever published of the Okapi appeared in our issue of Aug. 3, 1907. In our issue of the following Sept. 7 we gave the first photograph of a living Okapi ever taken. We have dealt with the animal on numerous occasions since; in particular in our issues of Nov. 3 and 10, 1934, when we illustrated the young Okapi caught by Commander Attilio Gatti.



4. THE LOWER INCISORS, OR CUTTING TEETH, OF A NEARLY FULL-GROWN OKAPI: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CLEFT CANINE (A), WHICH IS FOUND ONLY IN THIS SPECIES AND IN THE GIRAFFES.

alike, either in number, or shape. But by breaking up the solid appearance of the body they evidently form a very efficient "protective coloration." This much was the experience of the late Capt. Gosling, who never succeeded in seeing his quarry alive, though on three occasions he got within close range, so perfectly did this coloration harmonise with the screen of leaves. But his pursuit resulted in bringing one interesting fact to light. One day he heard something moving among the leaves in a swamp, not thirty yards away, and then plunge into the water. He and his guide both said "Hippo," but on going to the spot, found, by the spoor, that the plunger was an okapi! At another time his guide was on the track of one for three days. It kept moving in a circle, and crossed the stream several times a day. At last the natives were induced to dig a pit into which it was finally driven. But even then it fell into the trap without being seen: the fall was heard, but its pursuers never saw their victim till it was in the pit. Under cover of the thick leaves the only light that reaches it comes slanting through the bare stems of the plants, so that the markings are "wavy" in form, like shadows reflected from a shimmering surface.

The giraffe probably emerged from similar haunts ages ago, to a life in the blazing sunlight, and a total absence of water. It can, indeed, live for long months without drinking. Increasing in stature, perhaps because of continuous sun-bathing, it also greatly increased the length of the neck, because, retaining its old habit of browsing on leaves, it had to reach higher to secure them. Finally, the vast differences in the nature of its covert brought about a vast change in its coloration, which has changed again to harmonise with the nature of the covert. So that we have at one extreme a sub-species, with large, widely separated blotches of colour, and at the other that curiously "red" form, covered with a close network of white. Finally the canine-teeth are relatively larger than in the okapi.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

USEFUL PEOPLE.

WHAT a curious occupation is dramatic criticism! On one evening the critic is supposed to be an authority on the exact values of a musical comedy's libretto in which none of the humour is aimed above the head of a low-brow in Lilliput; on the next he may be confronted with the outpourings of some philosophical dramatist whose thesis really demands the attention of a Professor of Metaphysics. Not long ago I wandered from a matinée in a music-hall to an evening session with a play based on the astronomical knowledge and cosmological suggestions of Sir James Jeans. A day or two later I was at Malvern, listening to Mr. Shaw's opinions—for still they come—on first and last things. The best judge of the Shavian contentions would have been a specialist in economics. Pity the dramatic critic who must thus rapidly adjust his critical apparatus from the universe of the Red Nose to that of the Blue Stocking.

Mr. Shaw's new play, "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles," is about a curate who is as innocent as Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown and becomes involved in polygamy on an island which will scarcely be unexpected by those who have followed Mr. Shaw's later work. It is an island in which everybody has a great deal to say and says it because he has nothing else to do. It is also about the Day of Judgment. For on this kind of island a day of judgment can turn up, with angels in the sky, as easily as a thunder-storm blows up everywhere else. After all, a day of judgment is nothing much to Mr. Shaw, who has been judging everybody and everything ever since he was born, to which, of course, he can reply that nights of judgment are the natural destiny of dramatic critics.

need for diligence has been increasingly dispersed. The world is now clogged up with the unsaleable products of labour, a form of plethora for which the industrial system provides inadequate remedy. If the bees get busier and busier, acquire more machines and keep them turning ever more rapidly, they will simply increase the economic chaos. Already there have to be elaborate systems of control to procure limitation of output; even if the system of

needs can be satisfied without universal drudgery and that people who over-satisfy those needs by drastic increase of output are simply piling up trouble when they pile up surplus goods, whether that surplus be a glut of books or a glut of boots. In Mr. Shaw's Day of Judgment, "the useless" are destroyed, but those whom he calls useless because they are idlers may very well be rendering a social service by managing to keep alive without work.



"THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE," AT THE CRITERION: THE SCENE AT SUNDAY PRAYERS AT THE PENSHOTT'S HOUSE IN JUNE 1895, WHEN MARY PENSHOTT (MARIE NEY) ATTEMPTS TO PLAY THE HYMNS FOR FAMILY PRAYERS AFTER HER FRUSTRATED ELOPEMENT.

In "This Desirable Residence," Mary Penshott wants to elope with the clerk, Edward Tramley (Eric Portman), but her parents intervene, and Edward is easily bought off by the offer of a good job in Australia; while Mary is left to enjoy home comforts in her parents' desirable residence. Forty years pass and she is still there; but the residence is no longer so desirable—for it is in a very much built-up area.



"THE UNGUARDED HOUR," AT DALY'S: LADY DEARDEN (RACHEL BERENDT) PLEADS WITH HER HUSBAND, SIR FRANCIS DEARDEN, K.C. (GODFREY TEARLE), NOT TO PERSEVERE IN A PROSECUTION WHICH WILL SEND A MAN TO THE GALLOWS.

In "The Unguarded Hour," a prominent K.C. who has sent many criminals to justice is himself caught in a net of circumstantial evidence which makes him look guilty of murder. The efforts by which he disentangles himself provide some thrilling moments.

Mr. Shaw, as we know, is an extremely severe and Puritanical person, not because he believes in self-denial, but because he believes that self-indulgence is a form of torture which drives people to drink, drugs, and self-slaughter. He cannot imagine anything more horrible than a holiday. He has no capacity for loafing, and cannot believe that half a loaf, in default of a whole one, seems really to be the bread of life to other people, or at least the gold knob upon the staff of life. He has always worked hard because he has found life unbearable otherwise, and, since we all tend to judge others by our own predilections, he regards lazy people with abhorrence and despair. Consequently, in his play the Day of Judgment bears hardly on what he calls useless people, by which he means, as I interpret him, idlers. They are visited with the penalty of vanishing suddenly; they do not suffer and scream; they silently fade away. The drones depart before the wrath of God and the busy bees remain to go on buzzing at their work.

Now all this seems to me very old-fashioned. The idea that hard work is a virtue was largely a Protestant invention and it had the justification of common sense when the community really needed work from all its members to keep itself alive. But in the machine-age the

distribution were far better organised and everybody could have everything he wanted, it would still be possible by accelerating the machines to produce more stuff than the world could possibly use. The problem of production has been solved and a person is not useful who adds to the productive flood. So far from being useful he may be a social pest.

The time has come for the world to discard its reverence for work and to create instead a cult of dignified and civilised idling. The trouble with idlers in the past has been their inability to idle properly; they have usually become busy in the wrong, the mischievous directions. So idling got a bad name. But society has now got to face the fact that its

If they all went rushing into the Labour Market in a fervour of Shavian zeal for work, they would deprive somebody else of a remunerative job which he must have if he is to keep alive. As machines become cleverer and more monstrosly creative every day, so does the necessity for human diligence diminish and the desirability of a blameless idleness become more obvious. A time may come when we shall point with derision at some incorrigible toiler and say, "Look at that scoundrel. With his beastly self-indulgence he has just piled another million of ready-made suits upon the world, which already has a million too many." We shall regard the Busy-Bones as now old-fashioned people like Mr. Shaw regard the Lazy-Bones, and we shall call him selfish and thoughtless. In the Day of Judgment a man may proudly answer to his examiners that he has never cursed the world with unwanted products or made havoc of the economic system by snatching another man's job.

Mr. Shaw is apt to point the finger of praise at Moscow; the Russians have had to toil terribly because they had never even started till quite recently to enjoy the productive

fertility of the machine. In his old-world faith and with his Puritanical approval of Zeal-in-the-Land-Busy, he thinks the Russians are fine. But the Russians will soon have caught up with all their shortages and then the most useful person will be he who does not pester his fellows with over-production. I suggest that Mr. Shaw, instead of continuing to scold the useless in his next play, should first of all think out a definition of social usefulness in the machine-age. To me it seems certain that the old attitude to work will have to go. In the "Unexpected Isles" of tomorrow there may be great honour paid to those who never turn the hand which will turn a myriad wheels. The Angel who now descends to annihilate the work-shy may then swoop to punish those who keep bothering their fellows with their business. Mr. Shaw, as we saw at Malvern, is seventy-nine and still going strong: we shall, I hope, celebrate his eightieth birthday at Malvern next year with a blaze of his own fireworks. I humbly offer him a theme—the division not of labour but of the new leisure which the machines are not only bringing but enforcing.



VICTOR MCLAGLEN AS GYPO NOLAN IN "THE INFORMER," WHICH IS BASED ON LIAM O'FLAHERTY'S NOVEL OF THAT NAME: THE ACTOR AT A DRAMATIC MOMENT OF HIS PERFORMANCE, FOR WHICH HE WON THE HOLLYWOOD SCREEN ACTORS' GUILD PRIZE FOR THE YEAR.

"The Informer," it will be recalled, is a powerful tale of the betrayal of an Irish rebel by his friend, Gypo Nolan, more through stupidity than treachery. "The Informer" is an unusual production, with flashes of brute passion, animal fear, and physical brutality. The renters, Radio Pictures, state that it will have its première in the autumn.

NEANDERTHAL MAN
IN THE
TIBER VALLEY:
HOW THE SECOND SKULL
OF THIS TYPE TO BE
FOUND IN ITALY CAME
TO LIGHT IN A QUARRY
NEAR ROME
AFTER HAVING LAIN
BURIED FOR, PERHAPS,
40,000 YEARS.

THE following details of the important discovery of the second Neanderthal type of skull to be found in Italy have been sent to us by the Abbé H. Breuil and Dr. C. A. Blanc: On July 16, Baron C. A. Blanc, assistant at the Geological Institute of the University of Pisa, took the Abbé Breuil, Professor at the Collège de France and the Institute of Human Palaeontology (Paris), to see the disused gravel-pits at Saccopastore, a little to the north of Rome, at the junction of the Tiber and the Aniene. In 1929 this site produced a fine Neanderthal skull, which was studied by Professor Sergio Sergi. While the Abbé Breuil and Baron Blanc were collecting malacological



FURTHER EVIDENCE ON THE LITTLE-KNOWN SUBJECT OF NEANDERTHAL MAN IN ITALY: A SECTION OF A GRAVEL-PIT NEAR ROME, WITH THE NEANDERTHAL SKULL (ONLY THE SECOND TO BE FOUND IN ITALY) SEEN IN SITU.

remains in an uncovered level, they saw the incomplete remains of a second human skull *in situ*. They released it after Baron C. Albert Blanc, Professor of Geochemistry at the University of Rome, had certified its position. This skull, though much mutilated, possesses various parts lacking in the first one. The orbit, which is straight, wide and round, is surmounted by a very decided orbital arch; the nasal orifice is very wide and rounded; the face is high and straight; there is no sign of a canine fossa; and the dentition which is preserved is less worn than that of the first skull. The auricular region is well preserved and shows a very small mastoid process, as is usual in this race. It is curious that a skull as mutilated as this has whole those parts which are so seldom complete in other finds. The age of the skull seems to be that of a late period of the last interglacial epoch, when the final series of deposits were laid down in the lower valley, in a succession of flood and subaerial clays. The study of the skull has been entrusted to Professor S. Sergi, Director of the Anthropological Institute of Rome. Its discoverers will, in due course, publish the result of their stratigraphical and palaeontological observations, which will make it possible to tell exactly the age when the Neanderthal race lived in the Tiber Valley. In conclusion, we would note that the date for the Saccopastore skull suggested in our headline is based on the table given in the preface to the second edition of Sir Arthur Keith's "The Antiquity of Man."



THE BLOCK OF BRECCIA CONTAINING THE NEANDERTHAL SKULL FOUND AT SACCOPASTORE, IN THE TIBER VALLEY, BY THE ABBÉ BREUIL AND DR. C. A. BLANC: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES EVIDENCE OF THE PROBLEM WHICH HAD TO BE SOLVED BY ARCHÆOLOGISTS BEFORE THE VALUABLE EVIDENCE PROVIDED BY THE SKULL COULD BE DEDUCED.

**"PICTURES OF THE SEA":
THE MONTAGUE DAWSON EXHIBITION IN LONDON.**



"SPINNAKERS OUT."



"THE BREEZY SOLENT."



"TWILIGHT SHADOWS."



"SAILS OF DAWN."



"THE 'ENDEAVOUR.'"

The Montague Dawson Exhibition, "Pictures of the Sea," is at Henry Graves's and will remain open until the end of the month. The artist, it may be recalled, owes much to C. Napier Hemy, R.A. As a boy he spent much of his time watching him, envying him, and emulating him, and it was from him that he learned not only an enduring love for the sea, but how to handle the brush to

such good effect. He works both in oil and water-colour. From youth up, he has lived among craft of all kinds; and to an intimate knowledge of sailing-ships, in particular, he allies correctness of detail. He still devotes long periods during the summer months to his favourite sport, racing and sailing yachts. It should be added that "Twilight Shadows" has been published in colours by Frost and Reed.

FROM THE ORIGINALS AT MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES'S, 182, SLOANE STREET, S.W.1. (COPYRIGHTED BY MESSRS. FROST AND REED.)

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WHEN Montaigne died at his château in Périgord in 1592, he probably had in the house a cupboard something like the illustration of Fig. 3. Certainly if such a cupboard was a little too elaborate for a quiet country gentleman living a retired life in a remote corner of France, he would be familiar with its fellows from the days when he was less of a philosopher, more of a courtier, and moved in the highest circles. The name of the great essayist is not dragged into this article merely because he is a type of the cultured Frenchman for whom cupboards of this sort would have been made, but for a deeper reason—because the broad humanism of Montaigne was based upon the same foundations, a similar attitude of mind, as went to the making of this distinguished piece of furniture. Many learned volumes have been written about this new spirit which transformed the art and literature of Western Europe: in this cupboard you see it held in suspense, as it were, just as in the famous essays you can watch the leaven working. In both cases we are spectators of the impact of the ancient world upon essentially modern and secular minds. Never again were men destined to think exactly as Montaigne thought, or to design exactly as the anonymous carver of this cupboard designed; but, just as Charles Lamb and Hazlitt wrote as they did because Montaigne had shown the way, so I think it can be proved that the great majority of furniture-makers would not have given us what we consider their series of masterpieces if they had not inherited the tradition of which this piece is a typical example.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE EUROPEAN TRADITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

It would require a great many illustrations to demonstrate the theory beyond the possibility of argument; perhaps these four pieces, three from a recent exhibition at Mallett's, the other from a private collection in America, will be sufficient for the present purpose: the reader can fill in the gaps from his own observation. It really looks as if artists are good Europeans in spite of themselves—they keep

the pediment is curved, and its centre is formed by a shell; in the other, a more restless rhythm takes the place of the old symmetry. The bird with outspread wings occupies the central position, but the strong diagonal line of its body gives variety to the composition. The whole conception is more restless—fashion demands movement, a certain asymmetry within the narrow limits imposed by the subject.

None the less, this is a comparatively quiet example of a vogue which sometimes produced extravagancies: compare with it those amusing Chippendale fantasies in what our auctioneers insist upon labelling as "Chinese taste," but which should more truthfully be called "the hard-headed Englishman's notion of Chinese taste." The important thing about these interesting and charming variations which were so popular in the 1750's is not that the vogue for them lasted so long, but that it ended so soon. Ten or fifteen years brought taste back again to the old tradition: it was interpreted in a more severe manner by Adam, but it was none the less the same thing in essentials: it merely went back to the recently excavated Pompeii, borrowing a good deal from Rome on the way. Our French craftsman of Fig. 3 knew nothing of Pompeii, but he knew a great deal about Florentine and Roman interpretations of classical antiquity. Just as Montaigne was fluent in the Latin tongue, so the possibly illiterate carver was fluent in the language of ornament. Yet it is obvious, even from these four examples, that national characteristics are not swallowed up, but rather intensified within the limits imposed by the tradition.

What our furniture designers are going to do in the near future is another matter. They have followed the architects for several centuries. To-day architects are

rapidly becoming engineers—thinking in terms of steel. Will the furniture man follow suit? And will Europe present the spectacle of a single culture in the arts,



1. AN ENGLISH GILT MIRROR OF ABOUT 1720: A PIECE WHICH SEEMS TO SHOW TRACES OF THE INCREASING HOLD OF THE ROCOCO STYLE OVER POLITE TASTE AT THE TIME.



2. AN ENGLISH WALNUT MIRROR, OF ABOUT 1740, WHICH PLAINLY SHOWS THE ROCOCO MODE BECOMING MORE WHIMSICAL, WITH A DISTINCT TENDENCY TOWARDS "CHINOISERIE."

going back to the Italian Renaissance. I don't know what the modern German designers are doing—I suspect they have learnt a good deal from Paris—and Paris learnt its job from Italy in the sixteenth century. Let blood and soil fanatics and Splendid Isolationists stick to politics—more subtle and more imaginative philosophies leap frontiers as if such things did not exist. Compare with Fig. 3, Fig. 4, an English bureau of walnut—date, about 1710. You say at once "Nothing can be more English"—and so it is, not forgetting that its inspiration arrived in this country, duty-free, by way of Holland. Yet it is merely the French cupboard of more than a century previous smoothed down to suaver lines and a flatter surface, with a few—to be exact, three—semi-circles at the top to soften the earlier angularity. Instead of the triangular broken pediment, we have a broken segment of a circle, and this gracious curve is repeated by the two curved tops of the panels: apart from this, the structure of this English bureau is, in essentials, very much the same.

It is well known (*vide* innumerable authorities) that the architect only seriously turned his attention to furniture design in England a little before the middle of the eighteenth century. This, of course, is true, if we mean by architect a professional designer of buildings. But in a wider sense it is possible to argue that any designer of furniture is doing an architect's job—anyhow, it is difficult for him not to think of a bureau as a building. Try to draw an original design yourself—a cupboard, for example, to fit a particular place in your house. Unless you are very strong-minded indeed you will find yourself drawing something which is not unlike a building in miniature—that is, if you get beyond the idea of a simple box. Before you know where you are you will be thinking in terms of pediments of some sort or other, no less than Thomas Chippendale and Robert Adam. It requires a certain effort of will, a deliberate and self-conscious restraint, to forget the inheritance of the past and produce a series of cubes only.

Undoubtedly in the eighteenth century (this is not the place to speak of next year's fashions) the whole of design was dominated by the great tradition which came originally from Italy.

After the bureau, look at the two very characteristic mirrors of Figs. 1 and 2, the first of about 1720, the second twenty years or so later. The world moves on, but the essentials of design remain much the same as in the past. In one example,



3. A FRENCH SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CABINET IN WALNUT: A PIECE CLEARLY EXEMPLIFYING THE INFLUENCE OF THE RENAISSANCE UPON FURNITURE.

(Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son; with the exception of Fig. 4.)

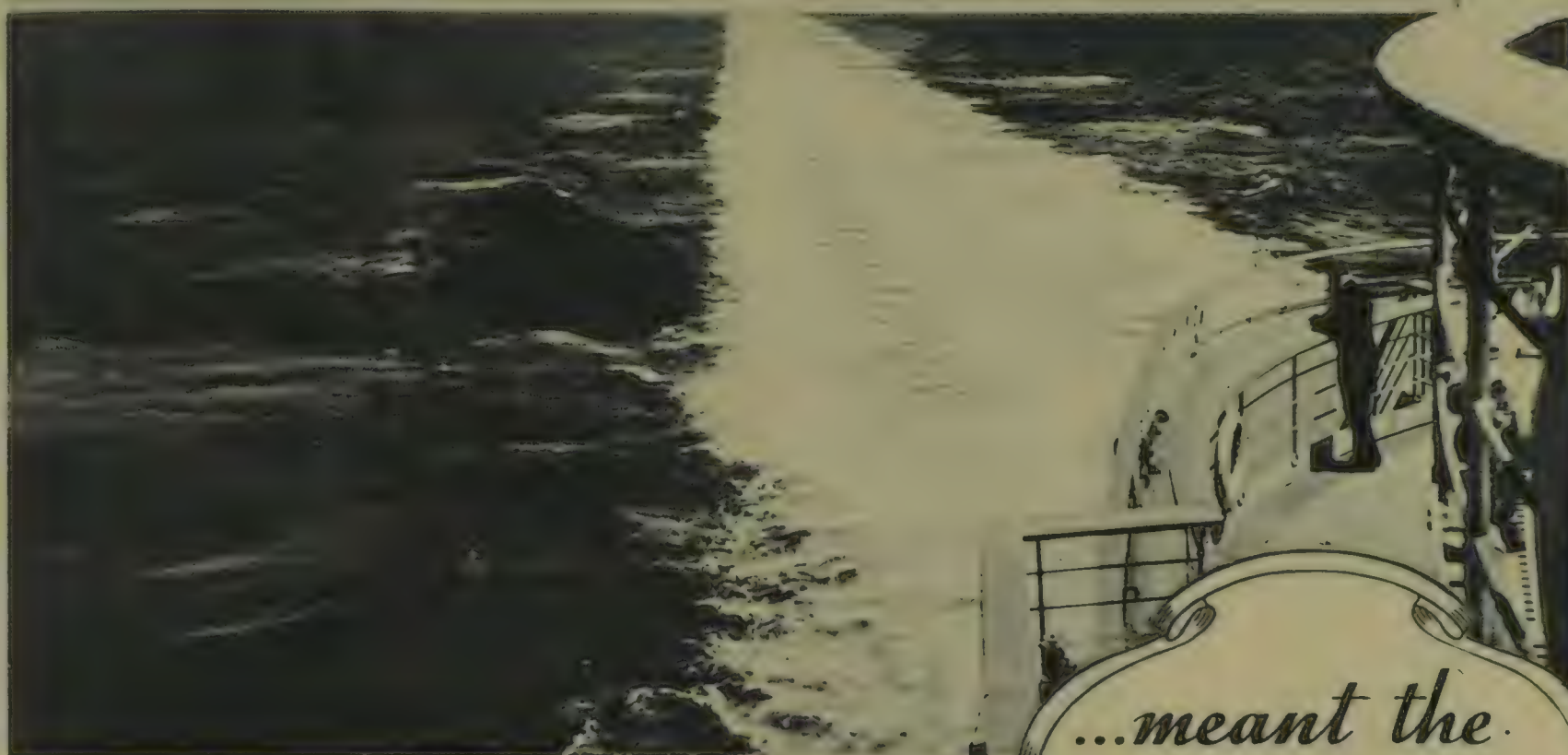


4. AUGUSTAN ELEGANCE IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH FURNITURE: A WALNUT BUREAU OF ABOUT 1710.

without any variety whatever, when a flat in Budapest will be indistinguishable from one in Birmingham?

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE motoring public will be very pleased with the new range of Austin cars introduced by Sir Herbert Austin on Aug. 12. Firstly, they present a choice to suit every type of owner, from the full-sized carriage of 25 h.p. down to the famous 7.8 h.p. Austin "Seven" with many intermediate sizes. Secondly, these new models are definitely designed and equipped to give safer ridings to their occupants; and lastly, the new prices are most reasonable. In actual fact, if you count fixed-head and sliding-head models as separate types there are 27 different Austin cars to make your choice from, at prices ranging from £102 10s. for the "Seven" two-seater, £158 for the 9.9 h.p. Lichfield fixed head "Ten-Four" saloon, £205 for the Eton two-seater and Ascot fixed-head "Twelve-Six" saloon, £318 for the York "Sixteen" and the Hertford "Eighteen" saloons up to the 23.5-h.p. Mayfair "Twenty" Austin limousine and landaulet listed at £650.

There are many detail improvements in these new cars. Here is a brief summary of the chief items, but one really has to examine the cars personally to realise oneself the little niceties now given for better comfort and safety. Girling-type brakes are fitted on the "Sixteen," "Eighteen" and "Twenty" six-cylinder models, with the result that they halt quicker yet without too fierce a jerk to passengers. In fact, there is more effective braking on seven of the new Austin models. We in Great Britain are beginning to favour once again the open car, so the Austin new programme provides new open tourers and two-seaters

of an improved character on the "Seven" and "Light Twelve" models. The latter, by the way, now have down-draught carburettors, while intake silencers and air-cleaners are provided on the "Light Twelve-Four," the "Sixteen," "Eighteen" and "Twenty" models. Further new items are Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers on the "Ten-Four" models, new steering gear on the "Light-Twelve," "Sixteen" and "Eighteen" models, "Jackall" hydraulic jacks on the "Sixteen," "Eighteen" and "Twenty" cars, and anti-friction discs between the main spring leaves of the "Sixteen" and "Eighteen" models. The new steering gear incorporates an hour-glass worm and sector, so is very light to handle. Whether the new frontal design of these new cars will please some of the very conservative old Austin patrons remains to be seen, but the remodelled roof-line of the "Ten-Four" saloon and cabriolet should meet with general approval. I am glad to see that my appeal for front screens designed to be opened wider has met with results from the Austin Company. A new type of variable control giving wide-angle opening is now provided on all "Ten-Four," "Light-Twelve," "Sixteen" and "Eighteen" models, so when in fog drivers can see better.

Mr. Charles McWhirter, the chairman of the Automobile Association, had a rousing reception by the members of that body at the annual general meeting held on July 24, when he announced that in this, their thirtieth year of service to motorists, the membership had reached that day to 575,198 subscribers. Included in this total are 85,000 women members in their own right. He had much to say

on the subject of taxation and the 30 m.p.h. speed limit. But fortunately the A.A. had saved 6,000 members from conviction in regard to speed-limit cases, and in the first month of the new speed limit nearly 50 per cent. of the cases defended by the A.A. were either dismissed or the licence saved from endorsement. But, as I have often stated in these columns, it is always wise to be a member of the A.A., as in "peace" times they are very helpful to the tourist in trouble in regard to the car or destination, while when at "war" they are a veritable shield and buckler. And although we are supposed to live in peaceful motoring times, in actual fact the most law-abiding driver is constantly finding himself assailed by new war-like regulations, often difficult to comprehend and easily contravened by accident.

We have to state that a mistake occurred in the description of the gorilla in the Berlin "Zoo" in our issue of July 27. The gorilla was given as having weighed 30 lb. three years ago and 524 lb. now. We are informed that this should have been that the gorilla weighed 30 lb. when three years old. He is now ten years old. We would express our regrets to the Curator of the Berlin "Zoo" for this slip.

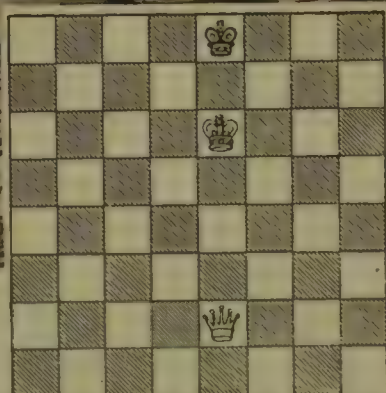
With regard to the article and photographs of the Fossil Fish from Brookvale, New South Wales, published in our issue of July 27, our readers will, no doubt, be interested to learn that the bulk of the fossils referred to were acquired by the Trustees of the British Museum a while ago. They are described in the catalogue: "The Triassic Fishes of Brookvale, New South Wales," by the Rev. R. T. Wade, who was the author of the article published by us. This catalogue is published by the Trustees of the Museum and contains a number of excellent illustrations.

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The multitude of readers who enjoyed G. Cornwallis-West's "Edwardian Heydays" will welcome the appearance of "The Woman Who Stopped War," by the same author (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). It is a tale that must appeal to all thinking people in this year of grace 1935, when threatening clouds seem to be gathering in more than one quarter of the international horizon. The *primum mobile* of the story is provided by nothing less than the formation of a union of women of all countries, pledged to maintain peace. Such a Union is started by Jane Eastwood and Mary Sarn, the beautiful heroine of the story. It is planned to declare a general strike of women throughout the civilised world at such time and whenever the stupidity, martial ardour, fear, and destructive instincts of their men-folk look like again involving nations in hostilities. But, alas! noble ideals and a generous concern for the welfare of mankind are found to be no more effective against chronic shortage of money in the "Save the Race League" than in many other excellent causes. Mary Sarn masters her feelings and sacrifices herself for her great idea. To raise funds for the "League," she becomes the mistress of a wealthy capitalist, one Sir Edward Enthoven, head of Magnus and Enthoven, a great armaments concern. Ironically enough, the fruits of the generosity of the armaments magnate go to nourish the campaign of the "Save the Race League," which is pledged to make fighting impossible. Thus fertilised, the League grows apace on both sides of the Atlantic. But the sands are running out. War is imminent. The tenseness of the International situation is matched by the intimate drama of Mary and Enthoven. For, in spite of his profession, he is personally a simple and honourable man. How the power of the League is eventually brought home to the Governments; how Enthoven discovers the nature of Mary's work (to him, of course, rank "treachery"); how civilisation is saved in the nick of time; and how Mary and Enthoven eventually find happiness in each other's love, must be left to readers of "The Woman Who Stopped War" to discover for themselves. Suffice it to say that the story of these events lacks neither thought-provoking challenges to accepted ideas, nor thrills of a more conventional order.

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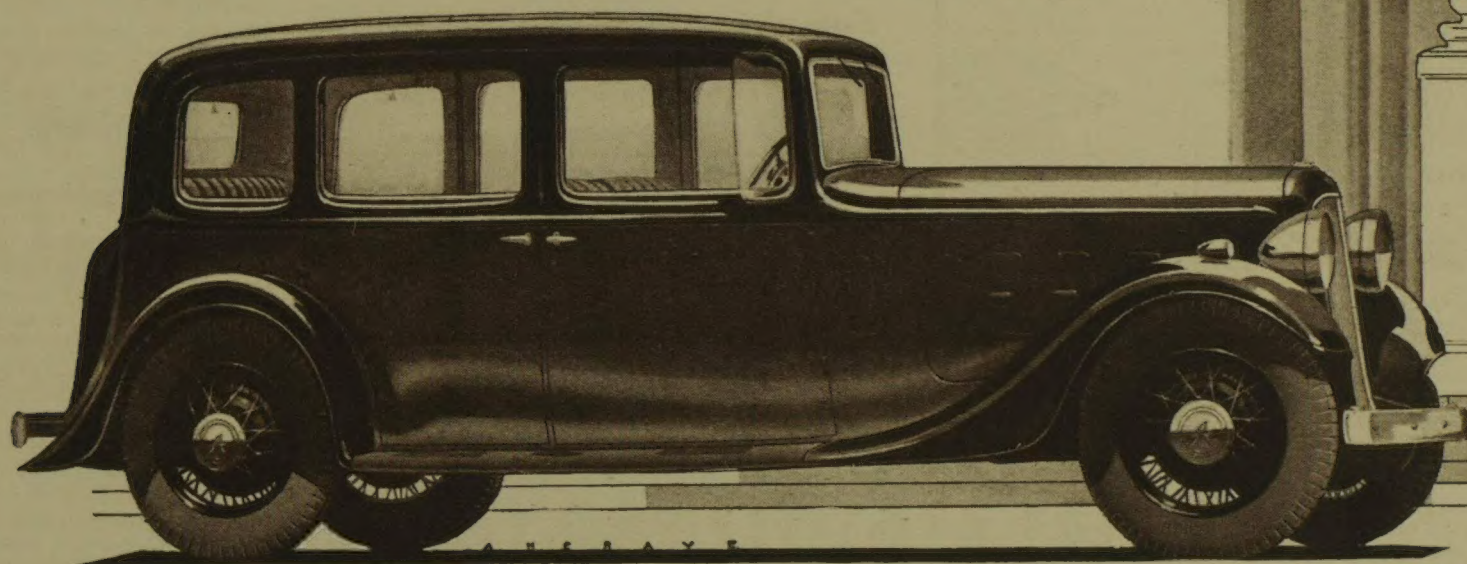
The Twelve-Six and Twelve-Four models also have improved steering, and a down-draught carburetter gives increased horse-power and more rapid acceleration.

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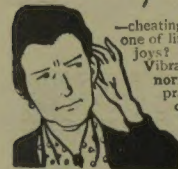
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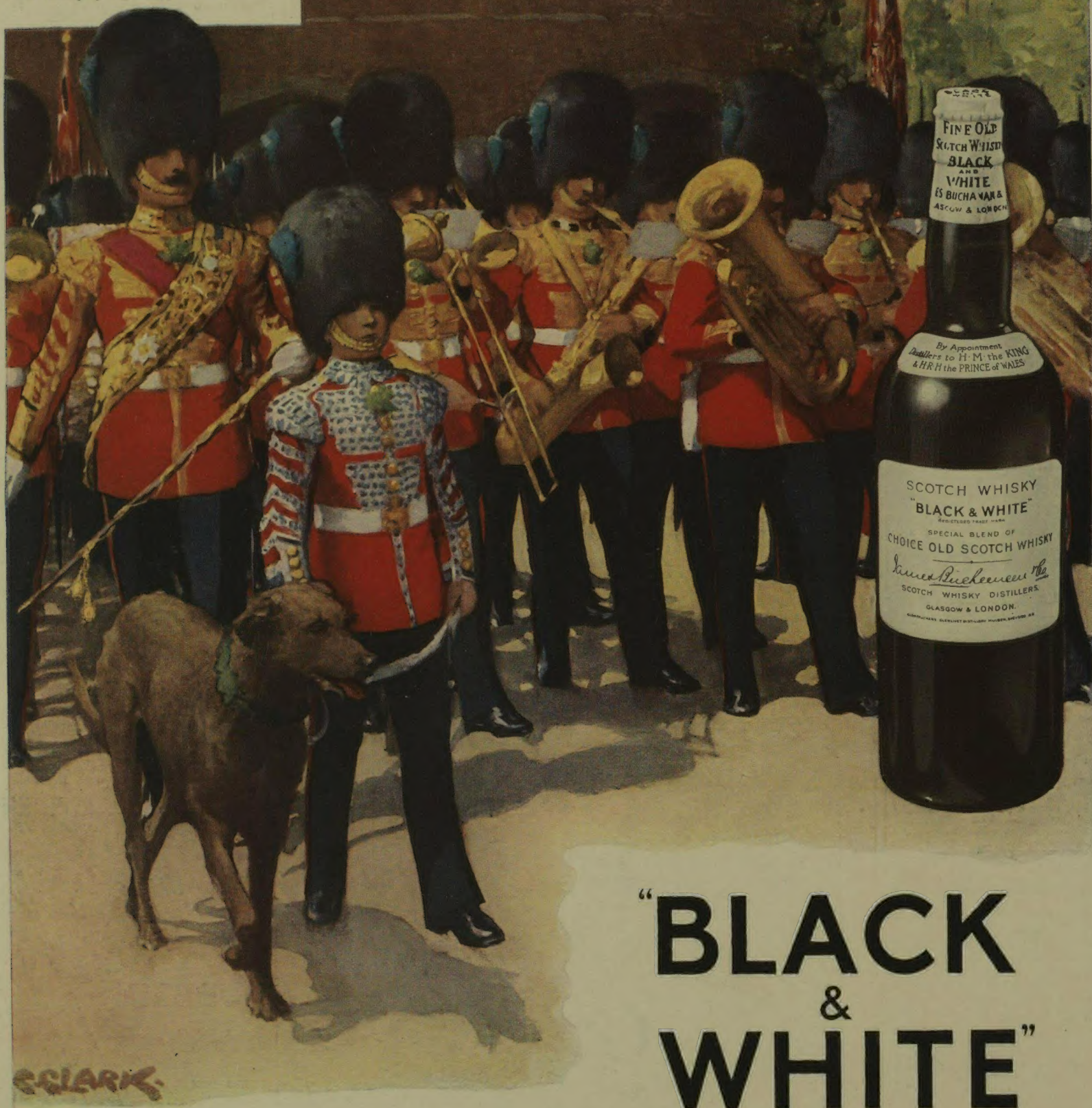
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The Irish Guards Her Majesty Queen Victoria in order to commemorate the bravery shown by the Irish Regiments in the operations in South Africa was "graciously pleased to command that an Irish Regiment of Foot Guards be formed" (Army Order 1st April 1900). The Pipes of the Regiment have one drone less than those of the Scottish and the pipers are dressed in green tunic and saffron kilt. The regimental pet is an Irish Wolfhound. Field Marshal the Earl of Cavan is the present Colonel of the Regiment, previous ones having been Earl Roberts, Earl Kitchener and the Earl of Ypres. The public has been pleased to signify its approval of the merits of "Black & White"—the Whisky of Royal Appointment.



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(ST. PATRICK'S DAY)

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